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MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

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JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE'S NATIONAL POEMS

I

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE OR THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT

II

ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY

AND

OTHER MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

EDITED AND PREFACED BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
LONDON
1867

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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

IT has been thought desirable that the miscellaneous Writings of the late accomplished translator of Aristophanes—hitherto buried in the bulky or voluminous publications to which they were originally contributed—should be collected together in a separate volume, with such minimum of introduction and comment as might seem necessary, and rendered easily accessible to the general public, who have hitherto scarcely had an opportunity of pronouncing their verdict on his rare and singular genius. Of this idea the present venture is the result.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE was born on the 21st of May, 1769. He was the eldest son of John Frere, Esq., of Roydon Hall, Norfolk. His father sat in Parliament as Member for Norwich, and had evidently some of the literary tastes which the more famous son inherited, as we find he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries. His mother was Jane, only

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daughter of John Hookham, Esq. of Beddington Surrey.

In his sixteenth year he was sent to Eton, where he formed a friendship with his fellow-collegian George Canning, which continued unabated during their joint lives.[1] In 1786 the two schoolfellows embarked together in a small literary undertaking. They started, on the sixth of November in that year, a periodical publication entitled "The Microcosm," which appeared every Monday until the thirtieth July of the following year. Eton itself was a μικρόκοσμος, or little world, from which they began to look out with hope and ambition into the larger world beyond —its interests and affairs. To this work, which extended to forty numbers, Frere contributed five papers, remarkable for their clear pellucid style and justness of thought and criticism, though scarcely evincing the power and originality which he subsequently discovered as a translator.[2] In the latter capacity he first distinguished himself by a translation into Anglo-Norman of an Anglo-Saxon poem on Athelstan's Victory at Brunanburg, printed by his friend George Ellis in his Specimens of English Poetry, which won him

[1] Canning was Frere's junior by just a year, having been born April 11, 1770. Frere, however, survived his friend, as we shall see, for nearly twenty years.

[2] "The Microcosm, a Periodical Work, by Gregory "Griffin." Windsor, printed for C. Knight, 1787.

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golden opinions from Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintoſh.

After leaving Eton he continued his ſtudies at Caius College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1792, and graduated as Maſter of Arts in 1795. In November, 1796, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Weſt Looe, and continued one of its repreſentatives until the diſſolution in 1802; but as his name is not to be found in the *Debates* of the time, it is to be preſumed that he ſeldom, if ever, addreſſed the houſe.

He was one of the principal contributors to the Antijacobin Review, a publication projected by Canning and Gifford. Many of the poetical pieces were written conjointly by Canning and Frere, and their reſpective ſhares are not now diſcoverable with any certainty. Being tinged with virulent party ſpirit, and replete with political animoſity, and full, moreover, of obſcure alluſions to topics and to perſons long ago buried and forgotten, their intereſt was neceſſarily ephemeral, nor would it now be worth while to reſcue them from the oblivion which has overtaken them. From this ſweeping criticiſm muſt, however, be excepted three of Frere's own contributions, in which he adopted the pſeudonym of "Mr. Higgins of St. Mary Axe." Of one of theſe, the parody of Darwin's Loves of the Plants, it has been juſtly obſerved by the late Sir Cornewall

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Lewis that the "imitation bids fair to be much "more long lived than its original."[1]

In 1799, Mr. Frere ſucceeded Canning as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In October, 1800, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Portugal, from whence, on the 6th of Sept. 1802, he was removed to Spain, and he continued at Madrid in the two following years, and was then ſucceeded by his brother Mr. Bartholomew Frere.

Between Sir Walter Scott and Frere a high mutual eſteem ſeems to have exiſted before they became perſonally acquainted. George Ellis writes thus to Sir Walter, on the 9th January, 1805:—

"I think you told me that Sir Triſtrem had "not excited much ſenſation in Edinburgh. As "I have not been in London this age, I can't "produce the contrary teſtimony of our metro-"polis. But I can produce one perſon, and "that one worth a conſiderable number, who "ſpeaks of it with rapture, and ſays: 'I am "'only ſorry that Scott has not (and I am ſure "'he has not) told us the whole of his creed "'on the ſubject of Tomas, and the other early "'Scotch Minſtrels. I ſuppoſe he was afraid of "'the critics, and determined to ſay very little "'more than he was able to eſtabliſh by incon-"'teſtable proofs. I feel infinitely obliged to

[1] "Claſſical Muſeum" (Lond. 1844), vol. i. p. 238.

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" ' him for what he has told us, and I have no
" ' hesitation in saying that I consider Sir Trist-
" ' rem as by far the most interesting work that
" ' has as yet been published on the subject of
" ' our earliest poets, and, indeed, such a piece
" ' of literary antiquity as no one could have, *à*
" ' *priori*, supposed to exist.' This is Frere, our
" ex-ambassador for Spain, whom you would
" delight to know, and who would delight to
" know you. It is remarkable that *you* were, I
" believe, the *most ardent* of all the admirers of
" his old-English version of the Saxon Ode;
" and he is, *per contra*, the warmest panegyrist
" of your Conclusion, which he can repeat by
" heart, and affirms to be the very best imitation
" of old English at present existing." [1]

Scott says, in reply:—" Frere is so perfect a
" master of the ancient style of composition,
" that I would rather have his suffrage than that
" of a whole synod of your vulgar antiquaries." [2]

Frere was sworn a privy councillor on January 14th, 1805. In 1807 he was sent ambassador to Prussia. In this year also he lost his father. During his residence in Spain he had become deeply imbued with the language, romance, and poetry of the nation. He was known to have made some translations from the " Poema del Cid," wonderful imitations of the style and metre

[1] Lockhart's " Life of Scott " (ed. 1845), p. 119.
[2] Lockhart, *ubi supra*.

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of the original. Theſe had been handed about *in* manuſcript for ſome time among his intimate friends—Scott, Ellis, Heber, and the Hollands—and had excited much curioſity and intereſt. Theſe he was now induced by Southey to contribute as a ſupplement or Appendix to his Chronicle of the Cid.[1]

Mr. Ticknor ſays, in quoting ſome paſſages from theſe tranſlations:—"This and the two "following tranſlations were made by Mr. J. "Hookham Frere, one of the moſt accompliſhed "ſcholars England has produced, and one whom "Sir James Mackintoſh has pronounced to be "the firſt of Engliſh tranſlators. He was for "ſome years Britiſh Miniſter in Spain, and by a "conjectural emendation which he made of a "line in *this very poem*, known only to himſelf "and the Marquis de la Romana, was able to "accredit a ſecret agent to the latter in 1808, "when he was commanding a body of Spaniſh "troops in the French ſervice on the ſoil of "Denmark;—a circumſtance that led to one of

[1] "I ſaw Frere in London, and he has promiſed to let "me print his tranſlations from the 'Poema del Cid.' "They are admirably done,—indeed, I never ſaw anything "ſo difficult to do, and done ſo excellently, except your "ſupplement to Sir Triſtrem. I do not believe that many "men have a greater command of language and verſifi- "cation than myſelf, and yet this taſk of giving a ſpecimen "of that wonderful poem I ſhrunk from, fearing the "difficulty."—*Southey to Walter Scott, April* 22, 1808.

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"the moſt important movements in the war "againſt Bonaparte." [1]

In 1808, as the reader will have gathered from the above extract, Mr. Frere again went to Madrid, where, in the following year, in acknowledgment of his zealous ſervices, the Junta conferred upon him the Caſtilian title of Marquis de la Union, which the Prince Regent allowed him to accept.

His quarrel with Sir John Moore, on the ſubject of his projected retreat in the winter of 1808, has no bearing on his literary career, and, from any point of view, it is now difficult to make the matter intereſting or intelligible to the general reader. An affair which, for the reſt, made much noiſe and cauſed much newſpaper comment in thoſe days; now grown very obſcure, and only to be ſtated here in the briefeſt way.

A writer in the "Quarterly Review" ſums up the matter in theſe words:—

"We confeſs we have all along ſided, and we "continue to ſide with Mr. Frere in our view of "the affairs of Spain. We confeſs that we have "faith in Mr. Frere's judgment, even though "we allow that the ſpectacle of a great nation "ſtruggling for its political independence had "power to warm him into enthuſiaſm. We

[1] Ticknor's "Hiſtory of Spaniſh Literature" (Lond. 1849), vol. i. p. 18. See alſo Southey's "Hiſtory of the "Peninſular War" (Lond. 1823), vol. i. p. 657.

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" believe in his faculty of diſcriminating political " truth and forming political calculations, not- " withſtanding the acknowledged drawback of " an original genius, and the admitted diſqualifi- " cation of varied acquirements and cultivated " talents. We know that the ſentiments upon " which he has acted have endeared him to " Spain, and we do not deſpair of ſeeing them " juſtified to this Country—if they may not " rather be ſaid to be, ſo far as any recorded " opinions of his are concerned, already fully " juſtified by the event." [1]

In whatever way the praiſe or blame is to be apportioned in theſe tranſactions, Mr. Frere was replaced in the ſame year by the Marqueſs Welleſley. From this time he retired from diplomatic life, and devoted himſelf more excluſively to literature. He had become entitled by his ſervices to a penſion of £1700 a year, which he enjoyed till his death.

He was one of the projectors of the Quarterly Review, together with Gifford (the editor) and Southey. Two articles—one on Fox and another

---

[1] Quarterly Review, vol. ii. p. 234. Thoſe who wiſh to follow up this affair in all its details can alſo conſult Colonel Charmilly's "Narrative of his Tranſactions in Spain with the 'Right Hon. John Hookham Frere," Lond. 1810; and Moore's "Narrative of the Campaign of the Britiſh Army in "Spain," 4to. Lond. 1809, where twelve letters of Frere, addreſſed to Sir John Moore and others are printed.

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on Pitt—in the early numbers, are attributed to him.[1]

On September 12, 1816, at the age of forty-ſeven, he married Elizabeth-Jemima, dowager Counteſs of Erroll, who is deſcribed as "a lady of rare endowments and accompliſhments."

We now come, in due chronolgical order, to the poem with which the preſent Volume opens. This remarkable jeu d'eſprit, "The Monks and "the Giants" is memorable for more reaſons than one. It was originally publiſhed under the following title:—"Proſpectus and Specimen of "an intended National Work by William and "Robert Whiſtlecraft, of Stow-Market, in Suf-"folk, Harneſs and Collar-Makers, intended to "compriſe the moſt intereſting particulars relating "to King Arthur and his Round Table."

The firſt two Cantos appeared in 1817 and the third and fourth in 1818. With that wonderful facility of imitation which more than anything elſe characterized him, Frere ſucceeded in this poem in naturalizing into our rude Saxon tongue the metre and ſtyle of Pulci and Berni.[2]

But what is moſt remarkable in the affair is

---

[1] Vol. ii. p. 375. Characters of Fox. Vol. iv. p. 207. Life of Pitt. (See Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1844, p. 138).

[2] "O Thou, that haſt revived in magic rhyme
"That lubber race, and turn'd them out, to turney,
"And love, after their way; *in after time,*
"*To be acknowledged for our Britiſh Berni;*

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that we undoubtedly owe to this little work of Frere's Byron's great maſterpiece of "Don Juan" and its precurſor, "Beppo," which was immediately ſuggeſted by the Whiſtlecraft poem. Not that this detracts in any way from Byron's originality, for he ſhowed ſuch a maſtery over this octave ſtanza when he came to uſe it as to claim it entirely for his own; but the ſuggeſtion—and in a certain way the work itſelf—is clearly traceable to Frere.[1]

The following letter, written by one of his moſt intimate friends—deſcribing a viſit from

---

"Oh! ſend thy Giants forth to good men's feaſts:
"Keep them not cloſe."—
William Stewart Roſe to the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere ("The Court and Parliament of Beaſts, tranſlated from Caſti, *London*, 1819," p. 19).

[1] "I have written a poem, of 84 octave ſtanzas, humor-
"ous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whiſtlecraft
"(whom I take to be Frere.)"—*Byron to Murray, October 12, 1817.*

"Mr. Whiſtlecraft has no greater admirer than myſelf.
"I have written a ſtory in 89 ſtanzas, in imitation of him,
"called 'Beppo.'"—*The ſame to the ſame, Venice, October 23, 1817.*

"Lord Byron is uſually conſidered as the naturalizer
"of this ſpecies of poetry, but had ſeen Mr. Frere's work
"before the publication of 'Beppo.' He made this
"avowal to me at Venice, and ſaid he ſhould have in-
"ſcribed 'Beppo' to him that had ſerved him as a model, if
"he had been ſure it would not have been diſagreeable,
"ſuppoſing (as I conclude) that ſome paſſages in it might
"have offended him."—*William Stewart Roſe* ("Rhymes," *Brighton*, 1837).

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him, and relating to this poem—may be intereſting here :—

" London, May 7th, 1819.—To-day came " Mr. Frere . . . I ſaid I was delighted that he " had entered his proteſt againſt the long-tailed " words in *oſity* and *ation*.[1] ' Yes,' ſaid he, ' I " ' recollect I went into a ſhop with Lady Erroll " ' to buy a lamp.' . . . A long pauſe of ſome " minutes in perfect ſilence and ſtillneſs, till I " thought no further information was coming : " then, ' And the man ſaid, " Sir, you will ob- " ' ſerve that circular aperture." . . " What!" " ' ſaid I, " you mean that *round hole*, I ſup- " ' poſe?" . . " Ye-e-s, ſir," ſaid he, ſtaring.'" . . " I aſked him how it happened that Beppo and " Whiſtlecraft were ſo much alike? He ſaid " Byron took the hint, or rather had the hint " given him by Whiſtlecraft. I ſaid I had heard " Whiſtlecraft preferred. ' Oh,' he ſaid, ' Byron " ' himſelf would acknowledge it to be the " ' beſt. Two or three people could have " ' written *Beppo*,—George Ellis could have " ' written it; Roſe could have written it; in- " ' deed, I thought at firſt myſelf that it was his, " ' and if I had not been ſo lazy, I ſhould have " ' written to congratulate him; but nobody but " ' I myſelf could have written *Whiſtlecraft*.' And " then he laughed amain. I believe he ſaid truth."[2]

[1] See *King Arthur*, p. 7.

[2] " Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis." London, Trübner and Co., 1864, pp. 22, 23.

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It had long been known to Frere's more intimate friends that he was engaged on a tranſlation of Ariſtophanes which was talked of as a wonder, but which he was unwilling to give to the public. For graceful ſcholarſhip and bold humour, and, above all, for a happy knack of rendering a Greek pun into an Engliſh pun and Greek ſlang into Engliſh ſlang, theſe tranſlations were ſpoken of as ſomething unique and incomparable. In 1820 when the firſt volume of Mitchell's tranſlation was publiſhed, Frere wrote a critique on it for the Quarterly Review, and at the ſame time gave the public an opportunity of judging of his own tranſlation, by inſerting in it a ſpecimen of his Verſion—a ſcene in "The "Acharnians" not tranſlated by Mitchell—which only whetted the appetite for more.

About this time Frere left England, and took up his abode in the iſland of Malta, where he continued to live, with little intermiſſion, till his death, "the captive of the enchanting cli- "mate and the romantic monuments of the old "chivalry."[1]

"When claſſic Canning died," in 1827,[2] he wrote a beautiful tribute in verſe to the memory of his old friend and ſchoolfellow, which, after remaining in manuſcript for fifteen years, found its way into a London newſpaper. Such was

[1] John Gibſon Lockhart ("Life of Sir Walter Scott," p. 736).

[2] 8th Auguſt, 1827.

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the careleſſneſs of Frere as to the fate of his productions.

Early in the year 1831,[1] Frere loſt his wife, whoſe health had for ſome time been precarious, and had indeed been the original cauſe of his removal to Malta. Late in the ſame year we have one authentic pleaſant glimpſe of him, which fortunately has been recorded circumſtantially by an eye-witneſs. Sir Walter Scott, weary in body and mind, and broken in health, by a burden of ſelf-impoſed work he had for years manfully borne, left England at the end of October, to ſee what ſofter climes could do for him. The *Barham* reached Malta (on her way for Naples) on the 22nd of November. "On account of cholera then prevailing in "England, a quarantine was at this time en- "forced here on all who came from thence; "but inſtead of driving Sir Walter to the or- "dinary lazaretto, ſome good apartments were "prepared at Fort Manuel for him and his "family to occupy for the appointed time—I be- "lieve nine days. He there held a daily levee "to receive the numerous viſitors who waited "on him . . . . But even in the caſe of one "whom all 'delighted to honour,' a quarantine "viſit is a notably uncomfortable thing . . . . "Our viſit was ſhort, and we left Mr. Frere "with him at the bar of our departure. He

[1] 17th January, 1831.

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" came daily to ſee his friend, and paſſed more " of his quarantine-time with him than any one " elſe. We were told, that between Mr. Frere's " habitual abſence of mind, and Sir Walter's " natural Scotch deſire to ſhake hands with him " at every meeting, it required all the vigilance " of the attendant genii of the place to prevent " Mr. Frere from being put into quarantine along " with him.

" December 4 . . . Dined and ſpent the even- " ing of this day with Sir Walter Scott [now out " of quarantine] . . . . On joining us in the " drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was " very animated, ſpoke much of Mr. Frere, and " of his remarkable ſucceſs, when quite a boy, " in the tranſlation of a Saxon ballad. This led " him to ballads in general, and he greatly " lamented his friend Mr. Frere's hereſy in " not eſteeming highly enough that of 'Hardy- " 'knute.' In ſpeaking of Mr. Frere's tranſla- " tions, he repeated a pretty long paſſage from " his verſion of one of the Romances of 'The " 'Cid' (publiſhed in the appendix to Southey's " quarto) and ſeemed to enjoy a ſpirited charge " of the Knights therein deſcribed, as much as " he could have done in his beſt days, placing " his walking-ſtick in reſt like a lance, to 'ſuit " 'the action to the word.'

" Tueſday, 7th December . . . . . Some " lameneſs having befallen one of the horſes pro- " vided for his uſe, I, at his requeſt, ordered a

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" little open carriage of ours to the door about " 12 o'clock, and prepared to accompany him to " St. Antonio, a garden reſidence of the Gover- " nor's, about two miles from Valetta, then oc- " cupied by Mr. Frere, whoſe own houſe at the " Pietà was under repair . . . . . There was " no poſſibility of admiring the face of the coun- " try as we drove along after getting clear of the " city gates; but I was pleaſed to ſee how re- " freſhing the air ſeemed to Sir Walter . . . . " He ſnuffed with great delight the perfume of " the new oranges which hung thickly on each " ſide as we drove up the long avenue to the " courtyard, or ſtableyard rather, of St. Antonio " —and was amuſed at the Malteſe untidineſs of " two or three pigs running at large among the " trees. ' That's juſt like my friend Frere,' he " ſaid,—' quite content to let pigs run about in " ' his orange-groves.' We did not find Mr. " Frere at home, and therefore drove back with- " out waiting.

" On Friday, December 10, he went, in com- " pany with Mr. Frere, to ſee Città Vecchia. I " drove over with a lady friend to meet them at " the church there. Sir Walter ſeemed pleaſed " with what was ſhown him, but was not ani- " mated . . . On Tueſday morning, December " 14th, he and his party went again on board the " *Barham*, and ſailed for Naples,"[1] and ſo Frere

[1] Mrs. Davy's Journal (printed in Lockhart's " Life of " Scott," pp. 736-739).

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and Scott ſaw the laſt of each other in this world.

One other not leſs pleaſant glimpſe of Frere's kindneſs and hoſpitality is recorded in the following Dedication prefixed to Wolff's "Miſſionary Travels:"[1]—

"To the Rt. Hon. J. H. Frere.

"Dear Sir,

"A complete ſtranger to you, I came to your "houſe, and you not only granted me the rites "of hoſpitality, but at a moment when I was "deprived of all the means of executing my "purpoſe of preaching the tidings of ſalvation "in the land of Bokhara and Affghaniſtaun, "you offered me, without my ſoliciting it, your "kind aſſiſtance. After enjoying for ſeveral "months your moſt inſtructive converſation, "and wandering in ſpirit together through "the opinions of the Ancients, and communi-"cating our ideas on higher points, regarding "the eternal welfare of human beings, I ſet out "for my perilous journey; with your help I "was able to make out my way, and to reſcue "myſelf from difficulties; and during the time "of my abſence, you, and your whole family, "treated with the utmoſt kindneſs thoſe that are

[1] "Reſearches and Miſſionary Labours among the Jews, "Mahommedans, and other Sects, by the Rev. Joſeph "Wolff, during his Travels between the years 1831 and "1834, from Malta to Egypt," &c. London, 1835.

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" deareſt to me; ſo that even my boy of three
" years old ſeems to be ſenſible of it, and has
" learnt to look up to you with reverence and
" gratitude. To whom elſe, therefore, but to
" you ſhould I dedicate theſe humble pages,
" containing the acts of my pilgrimage to Bok-
" hara, Bâlkh, Cabool, Caſhmeer, and Hindoo-
" ſtaun?—eſpecially as I hope ſoon to undertake
" another pilgrimage, not knowing that which
" may befall me, nor whether I ſhall ever ſee
" you again. To none then, I repeat it, can I
" dedicate the reſults of my labours with more
" ſatisfaction to myſelf, than to you. But I feel
" that I am addreſſing one of whom I am in-
" competent to ſpeak in terms commenſurate
" with merit; indeed, to the inhabitants of this
" iſland it were ſuperfluous to do ſo: all, from
" the higheſt to the loweſt, allow, that to the
" native poor you are looked upon as a bleſſing;
" your hoſpitality is known to all. And I con-
" fidently add, that I do not know where I
" ſhould look for an individual combining, like
" yourſelf, ſo many of the beſt gifts of a nature
" with ſo much profound erudition, ſo much
" benevolence, with ſo much nobleneſs of in-
" tellect. In venturing to write this my genuine
" ſentiment, it is not flattery, but truth which
" prompts me, and I am convinced that in doing
" ſo I have the ſuffrages of all who knew you.

" This book, then, thus dedicated, may re-
" main as a mark of the ardent gratitude of the

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" writer, who, with prayers for you and your " whole houſe, is ever,

" Dear Sir,

" Your moſt humble and affectionate

" Friend and Servant,

" JOSEPH WOLFF.

" *Malta, Jan.* 29, 1835."

Of courſe Frere's Engliſh friends miſſed him much. So great a ſtar could not withdraw its rays from the London galaxy without being miſſed. William Stewart Roſe, the accompliſhed tranſlator of Arioſto, addreſſed to him a playful Epiſtle from Brighton, in 1834, which opens thus :—

" William Stewart Roſe preſents with ſuch kind cheer
" And health as he can give John Hookham Frere.

" That bound, like bold Prometheus, on a rock, O
" Self-baniſh'd man, you boil in a Scirocco,
" Save when a Mäeſtrale makes you ſhiver,
" While worſe than vulture pecks and pines your liver;
" Where neither lake nor river glads the eye,
" Sear'd with the glare of 'hot and copper ſky;'
" Where dwindled tree o'erſhadows wither'd ſward;
" Where green blade grows not; where the ground is charr'd:
" Where, if from wither'd turf and dwindled tree
" You turn to look upon a ſummer ſea,
" And Speronaro's ſail of ſnowy hue,
" Whitening and brightening on that field of blue;
" Or eye the palace, rich in tapeſtried hall,
" The Mooriſh window and the maſſive wall;
" Or mark the many loitering in its ſhade,
" In many-colour'd garb and guiſe array'd;

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" Long-haired Sclavonian ſkipper, with the red
" And ſcanty cap, which ill protects his head;
" White-kilted Suliot, gay and gilded Greek,
" Grave, turban'd Turk, and Moor of ſwarthy cheek:
" Or ſainted John's contiguous pile explore,
" Gemm'd altar, gilded beam, and gorgeous floor,
" Where you emblazon'd in moſaic ſee
" Memorials of a monkiſh chivalry;
" The vaulted roof, impervious to the bomb,
" The votive tablet, and the victor's tomb,
" Where vanquiſh'd Moſlem, captive to his ſword,
" Upholds the trophies of his conquering lord:
" Where if, while clouds from hallow'd cenſer ſteam,
" You muſe and fall into a mid-day dream,
" And hear the pealing chaunt and ſacring bell,
" Amid loud 'larum and the burſt of ſhell;
" —Short time to make thoſe many ſights which I
" Have ſung, ſhort time to dream of days gone by,
" Forced alms muſt purchaſe from a greedy crowd
" Of lazy beggars, filthy, fierce, and loud,
" Who landing-place, ſtreet, ſtair, and temple crowd.
" Where on the ſultry wind for ever ſwells
" The jangle of ten thouſand tuneleſs bells,
" While prieſtly drones in hourly pageant paſs,
" Hived in their ſeveral cells by ſound of braſs;
" Where merry England's merrieſt month looks ſorry,
" And your waſte iſland ſeems but one wide quarry;
" I muſe: and think you might prefer my town,
" Its penſile pier, dry beach, and breezy down."[1]

Frere employed his leiſure at Malta in reviſing and annotating his favourite work, the tranſlation of Ariſtophanes. His verſion of " The Frogs"

[1] " Rhymes," by William Stewart Roſe: Brighton (privately printed), 1837.

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had already been privately printed in London, and circulated among a few of his friends, and in 1839 three other plays, "The Acharnians," "The Knights" and "The Birds," were printed at the Government Preſs at Malta.[1]

His laſt literary work, printed at Malta in 1842, was a tranſlation of the fragments of Theognis.[2]

Age was now beginning to ſteal on him. On the 6th of January, 1846, he was ſeized with a fit of apoplexy, while at dinner, and on the following day, this graceful ſcholar and chriſtian gentleman died, in his ſeventy-ſeventh year, at his reſidence at the Pietà. His body was buried in the upper burial-ground, Florian, where his wife and ſiſter had been laid before him; and on his tomb in this Engliſh cemetery, the pious viſitor to Malta, who makes a pilgrimage thither, may read a Latin inſcription which has the rare merit of being both elegant and true.

For his life had been prëeminently an honourable and happy one. Born to a poſition of eaſe and

[1] A limited number of copies were ſent over for ſale to Mr. William Pickering, the father of the preſent publiſher, who iſſued them with his own title-page, but without the tranſlator's name, in 1840.

[2] "Theognis Reſtitutus: the Fragments of Theognis "tranſlated or paraphraſed and chronologically arranged "with a view to illuſtrate the perſonal hiſtory of the Poet." Malta, 1842, 4to., pp. 117.

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affluence, of parents who were able to discern and foster the genius which in his case developed itself early—the schoolfellow of men who rose to the highest positions in the State—and himself serving his country for fifteen years during a time fruitful of events, he was yet able to retire—not as a morbid recluse, but as a finished man of the world—from the stormy vicissitudes and jealousies of public life, ere he had passed his eighth lustre, and to enter upon the enjoyment of a learned and graceful leisure, bequeathing its rich fruit to posterity. He enjoyed the friendship and esteem of nearly all the first men of his age; of men of the most opposite shades of thought and feeling. Southey and Byron, at mortal enmity with each other, united in admiring and praising him.

His powers of conversation were unrivalled, and many of his bons mots were repeated for years after they were spoken in the literary circles of London.[1] His affable manners, no less than his

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[1] See "The Life, Letters and Journals of Thomas Moore," edited by Lord John Russell, *sæpius*. Among others take the following:—

"6th Sept., 1826.—Company at Mrs. Montgomerie's: "Fielding and Talbot, Lucy and ourselves, the two Freres, "M. Rossetti, and Grattan. Frere rather agreeable. When "I mentioned the 'aërial potato,' of which Dr. Darwin "gives an account in his 'Phytologia,' he said it was like "O'Connell's eloquence. Talked a good deal about Lord "Erskine; said how odious he thought those verses of his, "'The Muses and Graces will just make a jury,' when he

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tranſcendent talents, made him friends wherever he went; while at Malta his benevolence and openhandedneſs to the poor cauſed his death to be long lamented by many who had been dependants on his bounty.[1]

A fine trait in his character was that quick ſympathy and enthuſiaſm which carried him almoſt to the verge of imprudence in ſupporting the cauſe of the Spaniards in the Peninſular war; and prompted him to that pious attendance on Sir

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" firſt heard them; introducing law-terms into love-verſes."—Vol. v. p. 102.

" 15th Aug., 1825.—Frere's beautiful ſaying, that, " 'Next to an old friend, the beſt thing is an old enemy.'" Vol. iv. p. 302.

" Oct., 1833.—In talking of Frere, Smith told a *mot* of " his I had not heard before. Madame de ——— having " ſaid, in her intenſe ſtyle, 'I ſhould like to be married in " '*Engliſh*, in a language in which vows are ſo faithfully " 'kept,' ſome one aſked Frere, 'What language, I wonder, " 'was *ſhe* married in?' '*Broken* Engliſh, I ſuppoſe,' an- " ſwered Frere."—Vol. vi. p. 345.

[1] " This fine road is now lined with pretty houſes from " one extremity to the other; here is the reſidence of His " Excellency the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, whoſe " unbounded charity, and great hoſpitality, have rendered " him next to idolized. To afford employment for poor " workmen, Mr. Frere has rendered a piece of rock, which " he poſſeſſes, behind his reſidence, into fine picturesque " gardens, which excite the admiration of all who have " the opportunity of viſiting them."—" Handbook for " Strangers viſiting Malta," by Thomas MacGill, Malta, 1839, p. 115.

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Walter Scott in his quarantine confinement, at the risk of his own personal liberty.

By early education and by predispoſition he was a moderate Tory, joining with Canning and Gifford in holding up to obloquy and contempt in the Antijacobin the agents of the French Revolution. Of this great movement of modern times it is doubtful whether he ever ſaw the full ſignificance: probably he retained his youthful opinions with little abatement through life. Indeed though his youth was ſpent in the arena of politics, and the prime of his manhood in the employment of the State, his long and voluntary exile from England, during the laſt twenty years of his life, muſt have ſomewhat diminiſhed his intereſt in political concerns, while his early doctrines, if they remained unaltered, would have prevented his feeling much ſympathy with the political throes of a new era, and with the radical changes that were being worked out in a country from which he was diſtant. Accordingly the politics of the Athenian republic in his favourite Ariſtophanes occupied more of his attention in his retirement than the events that were going on at home.

With the current literature of the day he ſeems, however, always to have kept pace. He quoted Wordſworth's Excurſion in "The Monks "and the Giants," only three years after its firſt publication, and in the Preface to his tranſlation of "The Knights," printed in 1839,

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there is a line or two of warm commendation of "The Pickwick Papers," then a new book.

His laſt years muſt have been ſaddened by the loſs of his wife and ſiſter, and the removal one by one, of his early friends and familiars, but thoſe who knew him beſt teſtify that his outward demeanour was uniformly cheerful. His mind continued bright and clear to the laſt, though he reached an age which it is given to only a few to attain.

From a portrait of Frere, taken in his fortieth year, and prefixed to the fourth edition of "The "Microcoſm," it appears that he had a noble commanding face with a broad intellectual brow, indicative of a ſupreme intellect wiſely diſciplined to beneficent uſes; a fine geniality of nature, not without a tinge of ſadneſs under it.

It now only remains to ſay a few words as to the value and extent of Frere's contributions to Engliſh literature, on which his fame muſt ultimately reſt. The eſſays he contributed at the age of ſeventeen to "The Microcoſm," though they gave promiſe of future excellence, are not of much value in themſelves. But while ſtill at Eton he ſtruck upon the vein which he afterwards worked ſo well, and by a tranſlation of an Anglo-Saxon ballad into Norman-Engliſh won the admiration of all the beſt judges of the time.

His contributions to the Antijacobin Review are of various degrees of merit and importance:

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the three beſt and moſt intereſting (for of the greater part of the Antijacobin poetry the intereſt was neceſſarily ephemeral) are "The Progreſs "of Man," "The Loves of the Triangles," and the little comedy of "The Rovers." "The "Loves of the Triangles" is a felicitous parody of the inflated ſtyle of Darwin. "The Rovers," written in conjunction with Canning, was an attempt to bring into ridicule ſome of the abſurdities that disfigured the German drama of that time, as repreſented by Kotzebue.

The tranſlations from the "Poem of the Cid" are executed ſo ſkilfully in the ſtyle and manner of the original that they form ſomething unique in literature. Here Frere was thoroughly at home, and engaged on a theme of perennial intereſt.

The Whiſtlecraft poem was an adaptation of the octave ſtanza of Pulci, Berni and Caſti—a ſtyle which paſſes with ſudden and unexpected tranſitions from the ſublime to the ridiculous. This work Frere left unfiniſhed, or at leaſt he never gave the concluſion to the public, and "by "ſome accident of popular taſte it has never "obtained a reputation equal to its merits." To it we owe "Beppo" and "Don Juan," and though the model has been neglected, "there "are charms in which the imitations, confeſſedly "ſuperior upon the whole, muſt be allowed to "yield to the exquiſite original."

But Frere's greateſt work—the work which

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more than any other will carry down his name to poſterity—is his tranſlation of Ariſtophanes. Had he poſſeſſed enough induſtry and ambition to complete it, this would undoubtedly have been one of the nobleſt and moſt perfect monuments ever reared to the literature of ancient Greece: but he had ſomewhat of the indolence of genius, and his ambition was ſo ſmall that he did not even care to publiſh what he had written, but confined the circulation to his private friends. The reſult is that he has left us only four out of the eleven extant comedies, together with ſome valuable Criticiſm on Ariſtophanes contributed to the Quarterly Review.

His "Theognis Reſtitutus," which occupied the cloſing years of his life, is an elegant and ſcholarly production; but we would rather have had a verſion of "The Waſps" or "The "Female Parliament."

The Paraphraſes of ſome of the Pſalms and Paſſages in the New Teſtament ſhow what, in fact, all Frere's poetical Writings exhibit: a marvellous command of metre and rhythm. Frere's genius was eſſentially of the reproductive or imitative order. With equal facility and maſtery he could imitate the ſtyle and metre of a Greek chorus, an old Engliſh ballad, the early romance-poetry of Spain, the burleſque of the Morgante Maggiore, or the monkiſh rhymes of the Latin Chriſtian poets. Such verſatile gifts are too rare for the world to let the fruit of them die.

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PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED NATIONAL WORK,

BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT,

OF STOW-MARKET, IN SUFFOLK, HARNESS AND COLLAR-MAKERS.

INTENDED TO COMPRISE THE MOST INTERESTING PARTICULARS RELATING TO

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE;

OTHERWISE ENTITLED THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

[*First published in* 1817.]

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[" That rampant ſtrain you were the firſt to raiſe,
Whereof another bears away the praiſe,
Who (let me not his better nature wrong)
Confeſs'd you father of his final ſong;
That rhyme which ranks you with immortal Berni;
Which treats of giant, monk, knight, tilt and tourney;
And tells how Anak's race, deteſting bells,
Beſieged the men that rang them, in their cells;
With whom they juſtly warr'd as deadly foes,
For breaking their ſequeſter'd ſeat's repoſe.
(Strange ſiege, unqueſtion'd by miſdoubting Bryant!)
And how in that long war, a young ſick giant
Was taken, chriſten'd, and became a friar;
And how he roar'd, and what he did, i' the quire.
Or, if like that rare bard who left half-told
Of yore the ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
You will not tell the ſequel of your tale
Of cavern, keep, and ſtudious cloiſter's pale,
Sing (what you verſe in verieſt Engliſh vein)
Some ſnatches of his merrieſt, maddeſt ſtrain,
Who in wild maſque upon Athenian ſtage
Held up to ſcorn the follies of the ſage
Famed for vain wiſdom, that in Cecrops' town
Would fain have pull'd time-honour'd cuſtom down;
Or, ſparing the blind guides of Greece and Rome,
Yourſelf may ſcourge our blinder guides at home,
You have cruſh'd reptiles. 'Riſe and graſp,' (I ſay
In your own words) 'a more reluctant prey.'"

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, *Epiſtle to the Rt. Hon. John Hookham Frere, in Malta. Brighton*, 1834.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ſtanzas being for the moſt part the production of my late brother William Whiſtlecraft, as compoſed by him in the year 1813, I have judged (by the advice of my friends) that it would be more ſuitable to publiſh them without alteration in any reſpect, and to which I have adhered ſtrictly, as may be ſeen by a reference to the thirteenth ſtanza. This I thought it due to have ſtated, in conſideration of our having propoſed the Two Boards for Verſe and Proſe, which in the preſent criſis might be ſtigmatized; but it is well known that the public opinion was more conſonant to magnificence and uſeful encouragement at that time than it has been for the laſt twelve months, or is likely to be the caſe again, unleſs the funds ſhould experience a further advance, together with an improvement

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in the branches of Cuſtoms and Exciſe. The occaſion of their remaining unpubliſhed was in compliance with the advice of friends, though at preſent, in conformity with the preſſure of the times, they have thought it adviſable that the following publication ſhould take place, which, if an indulgent public ſhould eſpouſe it, it is intended that it ſhould be followed in due courſe with a ſuitable continuation.

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PROEM.

I.

I'VE often wiſh'd that I could write a book,
Such as all Engliſh people might peruſe;
I never ſhould regret the pains it took,
That's juſt the ſort of fame that I ſhould chooſe:
To ſail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd fling a cot up for my favourite Muſe,
And we'd take verſes out to Demerara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

II.

Poets conſume exciſeable commodities,
They raiſe the nation's ſpirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,*
Making our commerce and revenue glorious;

---

* Hood probably took the title of his well-known book from this line. Ed.

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As an induſtrious and pains-taking body 'tis
That Poets ſhould be reckon'd meritorious:
And therefore I ſubmiſſively propoſe
To erect one Board for Verſe and one for Proſe.

III.

Princes protecting Sciences and Art
I've often ſeen, in copper-plate and print;
I never ſaw them elſewhere, for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't;
But every body knows the Regent's heart;
I truſt he won't reject a well-meant hint;
Each Board to have twelve members, with a ſeat
To bring them in per ann. five-hundred neat:—

IV.

From Princes I deſcend to the Nobility:
In former times all perſons of high ſtations,
Lords, Baronets, and Perſons of gentility,
Paid twenty guineas for the dedications:
This practice was attended with utility;
The patrons lived to future generations,
The poets lived by their induſtrious earning,—
So men alive and dead could live by Learning.

V.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune;
Now, we muſt ſtarve unleſs the times ſhould mend:
Our poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
If their addreſſes are diffuſely penn'd;

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Moſt faſhionable authors make a ſhort one
To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
To ſhew their independence, I ſuppoſe;
And that may do for Gentlemen like thoſe.

VI.

Laſtly, the common people I beſeech—
Dear People! if you think my verſes clever,
Preſerve with care your noble Parts of Speech,
And take it as a maxim to endeavour
To talk as your good mothers uſed to teach,
And then theſe lines of mine may laſt for ever;
And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tail'd words in *oſity* and *ation*.

VII.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory)
(Whether they go to meeting or to church)
Should ſtudy to promote their country's glory
With patriotic, diligent reſearch;
That children yet unborn may learn the ſtory,
With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch:
It ſtands to reaſon—This was Homer's plan,
And we muſt do—like him—the beſt we can.

VIII.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
Are out in print, and moſt of them have ſold;
Perhaps together they may make a ſcore;
Richard the Firſt has had his ſtory told,

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But there were Lords and Princes long before,
That had behaved themſelves like warriors bold;
Among the reſt there was the great KING ARTHUR,
What hero's fame was ever carried farther?

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
Were reckon'd the beſt King, and braveſt Lords,
Of all that flouriſh'd ſince the Tower of Babel,
At leaſt of all that hiſtory records;
Therefore I ſhall endeavour, if I'm able,
To paint their famous actions by my words:
Heroes exert themſelves in hopes of Fame,
And having ſuch a ſtrong deciſive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that Names that were reſpected
In former ages, Perſons of ſuch mark,
And Countrymen of ours, ſhould lie neglected,
Juſt like old portraits lumbering in the dark:
An error ſuch as this ſhould be corrected,
And if my Muſe can ſtrike a ſingle ſpark,
Why then (as poets ſay) I'll ſtring my lyre;
And then I'll light a great poetic Fire;

XI.

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
And waſh the Canvas clean, and ſcour the Frames,

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And put a coat of varniſh on the Fable,
And try to puzzle out the Dates and Names;
Then (as I ſaid before) I'll heave my cable,
And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames—
—Theſe firſt eleven ſtanzas make a Proem,
And now I muſt ſit down and write my Poem.

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KING ARTHUR.

I.

BEGINNING (as my Bookſeller deſires)
Like an old Minſtrel with his gown and beard,
"Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
"Now the laſt ſervice from the Board is clear'd,
"And if this noble Company requires,
"And if amidſt your mirth I may be heard,
"Of ſundry ſtrange adventures I could tell,
"That oft were told before, but never told ſo well."

II.

THE GREAT KING ARTHUR made a ſumptuous Feaſt,
And held his Royal Chriſtmas at Carliſle,
And thither came the Vaſſals, moſt and leaſt,
From every corner of this Britiſh Iſle;
And all were entertain'd, both man and beaſt,
According to their rank, in proper ſtyle;
The ſteeds were fed and litter'd in the ſtable,
The ladies and the knights ſat down to table.

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III.

The bill of fare (as you may well ſuppoſe)
Was ſuited to thoſe plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries aroſe,
With truffles and *ragoûts*, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in proſe
I ſhall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They ſerved up ſalmon, veniſon, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by ſcores.

IV.

Hogſheads of honey, kilderkins of muſtard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon ſwine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, ſwan and buſtard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and cuſtard:
And therewithal they drank good Gaſcon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus, were not known.

V.

The noiſe and uproar of the ſcullery tribe,
All pilfering and ſcrambling in their calling,
Was paſt all powers of language to deſcribe—
The din of manful oaths and female ſqualling:
The ſturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contuſions,
Made a confuſion beyond all confuſions;

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VI.

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and ſturdy,
Minſtrels and ſingers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the firſt day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thouſand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beaſts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features.

VII.

All ſorts of people there were ſeen together,
All ſorts of characters, all ſorts of dreſſes;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgeſſes;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and meſſes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damſels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

VIII.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlighten'd converſation
Of minſtrels, menials, courtezans, and boors,
(Although appropriate to their meaner ſtation)
Would certainly revolt a taſte like yours;
Therefore I ſhall omit the calculation
Of all the curſes, oaths, and cuts and ſtabs,
Occaſion'd by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

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IX.

We muſt take care in our poetic cruiſe,
And never hold a ſingle tack too long;
Therefore my verſatile ingenious Muſe
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to preſent ſuperior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And ſhow the higher orders of ſociety
Behaving with politeneſs and propriety.

X.

And certainly they ſay, for fine behaving
King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch:
Their manners were refined and perfect—ſaving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
As ſpitting through the teeth, and driving ſtages,
Accompliſhments reſerved for diſtant ages.

XI.

They look'd a manly, generous generation;
Beards, ſhoulders, eyebrows, broad, and ſquare, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in converſation,
Their eyes and geſtures eager, ſharp and quick,
Shew'd them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noſes, ſtab and kick;
And for that very reaſon, it is ſaid,
They were ſo very courteous and well-bred.

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XII.

The ladies look'd of an heroic race—
  At firſt a general likeneſs ſtruck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
  Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arch'd and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
  Neither repulſive, affable, nor ſhy,
Majeſtical, reſerved, and ſomewhat ſullen;
Their dreſſes partly ſilk, and partly woollen.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the reſt,
  Sir LAUNCELOT was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever welcome gueſt;
  Britain will never ſee his like again.
Of all the Knights ſhe ever had the beſt,
  Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never ſaw his picture nor his print,
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XIV.

For Morgan ſays (at leaſt as I have heard,
  And as a learned friend of mine aſſures),
Beſide him all that lordly train appear'd
  Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and rear'd
  To ruſtic labours or to looſe amours;
He moved amidſt his peers without compare,
So lofty was his ſtature, look, and air.

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XV.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forſook
His countenance, and then return'd again,
As if ſome ſecret recollection ſhook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;
And ſomething haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardſhips could explain)
Made him appear, in perſon and in mind,
Leſs perfect than what nature had deſign'd.*

XVI.

Of noble preſence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir TRISTRAM at Carliſle was rarely ſeen,
But ever was regretted while away;
With eaſy mirth, an enemy to ſpleen,
His ready converſe charm'd the wintry day;
No tales he told of ſieges or of fights,
Or foreign marvels, like the fooliſh Knights,

---

* Compare Tennyſon (*Elaine*):—

"The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
. . . . . .
His mood was often like a fiend, and roſe
And drove him into waſtes and ſolitudes
For agony, who was yet a living ſoul."

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XVII.

But with a playful imitative tone
(That merely ſeem'd a voucher for the truth)
Recounted ſtrange adventures of his own,
The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churliſh Giants he had ſeen and known,
Their ruſtic phraſe and courteſies uncouth,
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of ſavage Monarchs and their monſtrous Wives:

XVIII.

Songs, muſic, languages, and many a lay
Aſturian or Armoric, Iriſh, Baſque,
His ready memory ſeized and bore away;
And ever when the Ladies choſe to aſk,
Sir Triſtram was prepared to ſing and play,
Not like a minſtrel earneſt at his taſk,
But with a ſportive, careleſs, eaſy ſtyle,
As if he ſeem'd to mock himſelf the while.

XIX.

His ready wit and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his ſtars,
Had taught him all the arts of converſation,
All games of ſkill and ſtratagems of wars;
His birth, it ſeems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like thoſe planets, wandering and unfixt;

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XX.

From realm to realm he ran—and never ſtaid;
Kingdoms and crowns he won—and gave away:
It ſeem'd as if his labours were repaid
By the mere noiſe and movement of the fray:
No conqueſts nor acquirements had he made:
His chief delight was on ſome feſtive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And ſhower his wealth amidſt the ſhouting crowd:

XXI.

His ſchemes of war were ſudden, unforeſeen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
It ſeem'd as if ſome momentary ſpleen
Inſpired the project and impell'd the blow;
And moſt his fortune and ſucceſs were ſeen
With means the moſt inadequate and low;
Moſt maſter of himſelf, and leaſt encumber'd,
When overmatch'd, entangled, and outnumber'd.

XXII.

Strange inſtruments and engines he contrived
For ſieges, and conſtructions for defence,
Inventions ſome of them that have ſurvived,
Others were deem'd too cumbrous and immenſe:
Minſtrels he loved, and cheriſh'd while he lived,
And patronized them both with praiſe and pence;
Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

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XXIII.

Sir GAWAIN may be painted in a word—
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier;
His courteous manners ſtand upon record,
A ſtranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb ſays, *As brave as his own ſword;*
And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Poliſh'd yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

XXIV.

On every point, in earneſt or in jeſt,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deem'd the very touchſtone and the teſt
Of what was proper, graceful, juſt, and fit;
A word from him ſet every thing at reſt,
His ſhort deciſions never fail'd to hit;
His ſilence, his reſerve, his inattention,
Were felt as the ſevereſt reprehenſion:

XXV.

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were ſtored,
From dame and knight, from damſel, boor, and peer:
Loved by his friends, and truſted by his Lord,
A generous courtier, ſecret and ſincere,
Adviſer-general to the whole community,
He ſerved his friend, but watch'd his opportunity.

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XXVI.

One riddle I could never underſtand—
But his ſucceſs in war was ſtrangely various;
In executing ſchemes that others plann'd,
He ſeem'd a very Cæſar or a Marius;
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your proſpect of ſucceſs became precarious:
His plans were good, but Launcelot ſucceeded
And realized them better far than He did.

XXVII.

His diſcipline was ſtedfaſt and auſtere,
Unalterably fix'd, but calm and kind;
Founded on admiration, more than fear,
It ſeem'd an emanation from his mind;
The coarſeſt natures that approach'd him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refined;
Beneath his eye the pooreſt, weakeſt wight
Felt full of point-of-honour like a knight.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearleſs to a fault,
The foremoſt in the thickeſt of the field;
His eager valour knew no pauſe nor halt,
And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
Scaled Towns and Towers, the foremoſt in aſſault,
With ready ſuccour where the battle reel'd:
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down ſhields, and pikes, and horſe, and man.

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CANTO II.

I.

I'VE finiſh'd now three hundred lines and more,
And therefore I begin Canto the Second,
Juſt like thoſe wandering ancient Bards of Yore;
They never laid a plan, nor ever reckon'd
What turning they ſhould take the day before;
They follow'd where the lovely Muſes beckon'd:
The Muſes led them up to Mount Parnaſſus,
And that's the reaſon that they all ſurpaſs us.

II.

The Muſes ſerved thoſe Heathens well enough—
Bold Britons take a Tankard, or a Bottle,
And when the bottle's out, a pinch of ſnuff,
And ſo proceed in ſpite of Ariſtotle—
Thoſe Rules of his are dry, dogmatic ſtuff,
All life and fire they ſuffocate and throttle—
And therefore I adopt the mode I mention,
Truſting to native judgment and invention.

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III.

This method will, I hope, appear defenſible—
I ſhall begin by mentioning the Giants,
A race of mortals, brutal and inſenſible,
(Poſtponing the details of the Defiance,
Which came in terms ſo very reprehenſible,
From that barbarian ſovereign King Ryence)
Diſplaying ſimpler manners, forms, and paſſions,
Unmix'd by tranſitory modes and faſhions.

IV.

Before the Feaſt was ended, a Report
Fill'd every ſoul with horror and diſmay;
Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
Had been ſurpriſed, and were convey'd away
By the Aboriginal Giants, to their Fort—
An unknown Fort—for Government, they ſay,
Had aſcertain'd its actual exiſtence,
But knew not its direction, nor its diſtance.

V.

A waiting damſel, crooked and miſ-ſhaped,
Herſelf the witneſs of a woful ſcene,
From which, by miracle, ſhe had eſcaped,
Appear'd before the Ladies and the Queen;
Her figure was funereal, veil'd and craped,
Her voice convulſed with ſobs and ſighs between,
That with the ſad recital, and the ſight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

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VI.

Sir Gawain roſe without delay or dallying,
"Excuſe us, madam,—we've no time to waſte—"
And at the palace-gate you ſaw him ſallying,
With other knights, equipp'd and arm'd in haſte;
And there was Triſtram making jeſts, and rallying
The poor miſ-ſhapen Damſel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or panel;
He took, beſides, his falcon and his ſpaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
Poor ſoul, ſhe could not recollect the way.
They reach'd the mountains on the ſecond night,
And wander'd up and down till break of day,
When they diſcover'd, by the dawning light,
A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
They found unleaven'd fragments, ſcorch'd and toaſted,
And the remains of mules and horſes roaſted.

VIII.

Sir Triſtram underſtood the Giants' courſes—
He felt the embers, but the heat was out—.
He ſtood contemplating the roaſted horſes,
And all at once, without ſuſpenſe or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces—
"The Giants muſt be ſomewhere hereabout!"
Demonſtrating the carcaſſes, he ſhows
That they remain'd untouch'd by kites or crows;

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IX.

"You ſee no traces of their ſleeping here,
"No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's neſt—
"Their uſual habitation muſt be near—
"They feed at ſunſet, and retire to reſt—
"A moment's ſearch will ſet the matter clear."
The fact turn'd out preciſely as he gueſs'd;
And ſhortly after, ſcrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a Valley, cloſed on every ſide,
Reſembling that which Raſſelas* deſcribes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the deſcendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient Fortreſs undeſcried:
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
Firſt came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man:

XI.

So Horace ſaid—and ſo the Giants found,
Expell'd by freſh invaders in ſucceſſion;
But they maintain'd tenaciouſly the ground
Of ancient, indefeaſible poſſeſſion,
And robb'd and ranſack'd all the country round;
And ventured on this horrible tranſgreſſion,
Claiming a right reſerved to waſte and ſpoil,
As Lords and lawful owners of the ſoil.

* Prince of Abyſſinia. See his Life, written by himſelf.

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XII.

Huge mountains of immeaſurable height
Encompaſs'd all the level Valley round,
With mighty ſlabs of rock, that ſloped upright,
An inſurmountable, enormous mound;
The very River vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Abſorb'd in ſecret channels under ground:
That Vale was ſo ſequeſter'd and ſecluded,
All ſearch for ages paſt it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a Cave and Den,
That with its ſtrange conſtruction ſeem'd to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when—
—Hewn inward in the huge ſuſpended Rock.
The Tombs and Monuments of mighty men:
Such were the patriarchs of this ancient ſtock.
Alas! what pity that the preſent race
Should be ſo barbarous, and depraved, and baſe!

XIV.

For they ſubſiſted (as I ſaid) by pillage,
And the wild beaſts which they purſued and chaſed:
Nor houſe, nor herdſman's hut, nor farm, nor village,
Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
But all was lonely, deſolate, and waſte.

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The Caſtle which commanded the domain
Was ſuited to ſo rude and wild a Reign:

XV.

A Rock was in the centre, like a Cone,
Abruptly riſing from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a Pile of maſſy ſtone,
Which maſons of the rude primæval ſchool
Had rear'd by help of Giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule,
Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

XVI.

But on the other ſide a River went,
And there the craggy Rock and ancient Wall
Had crumbled down with ſhelving deep deſcent;
Time and the wearing ſtream had work'd its fall:
The modern Giants had repair'd the Rent,
But poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
They patch'd it up, contriving as they could,
With ſtones, and earth, and paliſades of wood;

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain—
A true-bred Giant never truſts a Knight—
He ſent a Herald, who return'd again
All torn to rags and periſhing with fright;
A Trumpeter was ſent, but he was ſlain—
To Trumpeters they bear a mortal ſpite:

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When all conciliatory meaſures fail'd,
The Caſtle and the Fortreſs were aſſail'd.

XVIII.

But when the Giants ſaw them fairly under,
They ſhovell'd down a cataract of ſtones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks aſunder;
Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring laſt, and ſtanding moſt expoſed;—
Succeſs ſeem'd hopeleſs, and the combat cloſed.

XIX.

A Council then was call'd, and all agreed
To call in ſuccour from the Country round;
By regular approaches to proceed,
Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Triſtram happen'd to ſecede:
It ſeems his Falcon was not to be found;
He went in ſearch of her, but ſome ſuſpected
He went left his advice ſhould be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's ſummons all the Country came;
At Gawain's ſummons all the people aided;
They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbours work as hard as they did.

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So well beloved was He, for very ſhame
They dug, they delved, entrench'd, and paliſaded,
Till all the Fort was thoroughly blockaded,
And every Ford where Giants might have waded.

XXI.

Sir Triſtram found his Falcon, bruiſed and lame,
After a tedious ſearch, as he averr'd,
And was returning back the way he came
When in the neighbouring thicket ſomething ſtirr'd,
And flaſh'd acroſs the path, as bright as flame,
Sir Triſtram follow'd it, and found a Bird
Much like a Pheaſant, only crimſon-red,
With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

XXII.

Sir Triſtram's mind—invention—powers of thought,
Were occupied, abſtracted, and engaged,
Deviſing ways and means to have it caught
Alive—entire—to ſee it ſafely caged:
The Giants and their ſiege he ſet at nought
Compared with this new warfare that he waged.
He gain'd his object after three days wandering,
And three nights watching, meditating, pondering,

XXIII.

And to the Camp in triumph he return'd:
He makes them all admire the creature's creſt,

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And praiſe and magnify the prize he earn'd.
Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jeſt,
But ere his heart with indignation burn'd:—
"Good Cóuſin, yonder ſtands an Eagle's neſt!
—"A Prize for Fowlers ſuch as you and me."—
Sir Triſtram anſwer'd mildly, "We ſhall ſee."

XXIV.

Good humour was Sir Triſtram's leading quality,
And in the preſent caſe he proved it ſuch;
If he forebore, it was that in reality
His conſcience ſmote him with a ſecret touch,
For having ſhock'd his worthy friend's formality—
He thought Sir Gawain had not ſaid too much;
He walks apart with him—and he diſcourſes
About their preparation and their forces—

XXV.

Approving every thing that had been done—
"It ſerves to put the Giants off their guard—
"Leſs hazard and leſs danger will be run—
"I doubt not we ſhall find them unprepared—
"The Caſtle will more eaſily be won,
"And many valuable lives be ſpared;
"The Ladies elſe, while we blockade and threaten,
"Will moſt infallibly be kill'd and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Triſtram talk'd incomparably well;
His reaſons were irrefragably ſtrong.

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As Triſtram ſpoke Sir Gawain's ſpirits fell,
For he diſcover'd clearly before long
(What Triſtram never would preſume to tell),
That his whole ſyſtem was entirely wrong;
In fact his confidence had much diminiſh'd
Since all the preparations had been finiſh'd.

XXVII.

"Indeed!" Sir Triſtram ſaid, "for aught we know—
"For aught that we can tell—this very night
"The valley's entrance may be cloſed with ſnow,
"And we may ſtarve and periſh here outright—
"'Tis better riſking a decided blow—
"I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to ſhorten,
Sir Gawain truſted to Sir Triſtram's fortune.

XXVIII.

'Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kiſt
With cold ſalute the mountain's chilly brow;
The level lawns were dark, a lake of miſt
Inundated the vales and depths below,
When valiant Triſtram, with a choſen liſt
Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
Aſcending through the vapours dim and hoar,
A ſecret track, which he deſcried before.

XXIX.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
To walk acroſs the play-ground or the yard

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Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
Which, when you reach'd the ſpot, was your reward,
You may conceive the difficult employ
Sir Triſtram had, and that he found it hard,
Deprived of landmarks and the power of ſight,
To ſteer their dark and doubtful courſe aright.

XXX.

They climb'd an hour or more with hand and knee;
(The diſtance of a fathom or a rood
Was farther than the keeneſt eye could ſee;)
At laſt the very ground on which they ſtood,
The broken turf, and many a batter'd tree—
The cruſh'd and ſhatter'd ſhrubs and underwood—
Apprized them that they were arrived once more
Where they were overwhelm'd the time before.

XXXI.

Sir Triſtram ſaw the people in a fluſter;
He took them to a ſhelter'd hollow place:
They crowded round like chickens in a cluſter,
And Triſtram, with an unembarraſs'd face,
Proceeded quietly to take a muſter,
To take a muſter, and to ſtate the caſe—
"It was," he ſaid, "an unexpected error,
"Enough to ſtrike inferior minds with terror;

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XXXII.

" But ſince they were aſſembled and collected,"
(All were aſſembled except nine or ten)
" He thought that their deſign might be effected;
" All things were eaſy to determined men.
" If they would take the track which he directed,
" And try their old adventure once again,"
He ſlapp'd his breaſt, and ſwore within an hour
That they ſhould have the Caſtle in their power.

XXXIII.

This mountain was like others I have ſeen;
There was a ſtratum or a ridge of ſtone
Projecting high beyond the ſloping green,
From top to bottom, like a ſpinal bone,
Or flight of ſteps, with gaps and breaks between—
A Copper-plate would make my meaning known
Better than words, and therefore, with permiſſion,
I'll give a Print of it the next Edition.

XXXIV.

Thither Sir Triſtram with his comrades went,
For now the miſty cloud was clear'd away,
And they muſt riſk the perilous aſcent,
Right in the Giants' front, in open day:
They ran to reach the ſhelter which it lent,
Before the battery ſhould begin to play.
Their manner of aſcending up that ridge
Was much like climbing by a broken bridge;

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XXXV.

For there you ſcramble on from pier to pier,
Always afraid to loſe your hold half-way;
And as they clamber'd each ſucceſſive tier
Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to ſay,
It was not altogether without fear—
Juſt fear enough to make brave people gay:
According to the words of Mr. Gray,
"They wound with toilſome march their long array."

XXXVI.

The more alert and active upward ſprung,
And let down ropes to drag their comrades after;
Thoſe ropes were their own ſhirts together ſtrung,
Stript off and twiſted with ſuch mirth and laughter,
That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung:
Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
Attempt to paſs a raging wintry flood,
Such was the ſituation where they ſtood:

XXVII.

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whirling clouds of duſt, the deafening ſound,
The hurried motion that amazed the ſight,
The conſtant quaking of the ſolid ground,
Environ'd them with phantoms of affright;

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Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the laſt point of their aſcent was won.

XXXVIII.

The Giants ſaw them on the topmoſt crown
Of the laſt rock, and threaten'd and defied—
"Down with the mangy dwarfs there!—Daſh them down!
"Down with the dirty piſmires!"—Thus they cried.
Sir Triſtram, with a ſharp ſarcaſtic frown,
In their own Giant jargon thus replied,
"Mullinger!—Cacamole!—and Mangonell!
"You curſed cannibals—I know you well—

XXXIX.

"I'll ſee that pate of yours upon a poſt,
"And your left-handed ſquinting brother's too—
"By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at moſt,
"I'll give the crows a meal of him and you—
"The wolves ſhall have you—either raw or roaſt—
"I'll make an end of all your curſed crew."
Theſe words he partly ſaid, and partly ſang,
As uſual with the Giants, in their ſlang.

XL.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow—
The Giants ran away—they knew not why—
Sir Triſtram gain'd the point—he knew not how—
He could account for it no more than I.

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Such ſtrange effects we witneſs often now;
Such ſtrange experiments true Britons try
In ſieges, and in ſkirmiſhes afloat,
In ſtorming heights, and boarding from a boat.

XLI.

True Courage bears about a Charm or Spell—
It looks, I think, like an inſtinctive Law
By which ſuperior natures daunt and quell
Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
I wonder if Philoſophers can tell—
Can they explain the thing with all their jaw?
I can't explain it—but the fact is ſo,
A fact which every midſhipman muſt know.

XLII.

Then inſtantly the ſignal was held out,
To ſhew Sir Gawain that the coaſt was clear:
They heard his Camp re-echo with a ſhout—
In half an hour Sir Gawain will be here.
But ſtill Sir Triſtram was perplext with doubt—
The criſis of the Ladies' fate drew near—
He dreaded what thoſe poor defenceleſs creatures
Might ſuffer from ſuch fierce and deſperate natures.

XLIII.

The Giants, with their brutal want of ſenſe,
In hurling ſtones to cruſh them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
Had half diſmantled all the new-built Wall.

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They left it here and there, a naked fence
Of ſtakes and paliſades, upright and tall.
Sir Triſtram form'd a ſudden reſolution,
And recommended it for execution.

XLIV.

" My Lads," he cried, " an effort muſt be made
" To keep thoſe Monſters half an hour in play,
" While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
" Or elſe the Ladies will be made away.
" By mounting cloſe within the paliſade,
" You'll parry their two-handed, dangerous ſway—
" Their Clubs and Maces: recollect my words,
" And uſe your daggers rather than your ſwords."

XLV.

That ſervice was moſt gallantly perform'd:
The Giants ſtill endeavour'd to repel
And drive them from the breach that they had ſtorm'd:
The foremoſt of the Crew was Mangonell.
At ſight of him Sir Triſtram's ſpirit warm'd;
With aim unerring Triſtram's falchion fell,
Lopt off his Club and fingers at the knuckle,
And thus diſabled that ſtupendous Chuckle.

XLVI.

The Giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
Roaring and bleeding, to the paliſade;

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Sir Triſtram ſwerved aſide, and reaching round,
Probed all his entrails with his poniard's blade:
His Giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
His goggling eyes eternal ſlumbers ſhade;
Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
They dragg'd him forth, and toſt him in the Ditch.

XLVII.

Sir Triſtram, in the warfare that he waged,
Strove to attract the Giants' whole attention;
To keep it undivided and engaged,
He rack'd his fiery brain and his invention;
And taunted and reviled, and ſtorm'd, and raged,
In terms far worſe, and more than I can mention.
In the mean while, in a more ſober manner,
Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

XLVIII.

But firſt I muſt commemorate in rhyme
Sir Triſtram's dextrous ſwordmanſhip and might,
(This incident appears to me ſublime),
He ſtruck a Giant's head off in the fight:
The head fell down of courſe, but for ſome time
The ſtupid, headleſs trunk remain'd upright;
For more than twenty ſeconds there it ſtood,
But ultimately fell from loſs of blood.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band;
He enters on the work with warmth and haſte,

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And ſlays a brace of Giants out of hand,
Sliced downward from the ſhoulder to the waiſt.
But our ichnography muſt now be plann'd,
The Keep or Inner Caſtle muſt be traced.
I wiſh myſelf at the concluding diſtich,
Although I think the thing characteriſtic.

L.

Facing your Entrance, juſt three yards behind,
There was a Maſs of Stone of moderate height,
It ſtood before you like a ſcreen or blind:
And there—on either hand to left and right—
Were ſloping Parapets or Planes inclined,
On which two maſſy Stones were placed upright,
Secured by Staples and by leathern Ropes,
Which hinder'd them from ſliding down the ſlopes.

LI.

"—Couſin, thoſe Dogs have ſome device or gin!—
"I'll run the gauntlet—and I'll ſtand a knock—"
He daſh'd into the Gate through thick and thin—
He hew'd away the bands which held the block—
It ruſh'd along the ſlope with rumbling din,
And cloſed the entrance with a thundering ſhock,
(Juſt like thoſe famous old Symplegades
Diſcover'd by the Claſſics in their ſeas.)

LII.

This was Sir Triſtram—(as you may ſuppoſe)
He found ſome Giants wounded, others dead—

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He ſhortly equalizes theſe with thoſe;
But one poor Devil there was ſick in bed,
In whoſe behalf the Ladies interpoſe;
Sir Triſtram ſpared his life, becauſe they ſaid
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At leaſt as well as could have been expected:
Many details I muſt forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by ſupreme good luck it ſo befell
That when the Caſtle's capture was effected,
When thoſe vile cannibals were overpower'd,
Only two fat Duennas were devour'd.

LIV.

Sir Triſtram having thus ſecured the Fort,
And ſeen all ſafe, was climbing to the Wall,
(Meaning to leap into the outer Court;)
But when he came, he ſaved himſelf the fall,
Sir Gawain had been ſpoiling all the ſport,
The Giants were demoliſh'd one and all:
He pull'd them up the Wall—they climb and enter—
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

LV.

The only real ſufferer in the fight
Was a poor neighbouring Squire of little fame,

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That came and join'd the party over-night;
He hobbled home, diſabled with a maim
Which he received in tumbling from a height:
The Knights from Court had never heard his name,
Nor recollected ſeeing him before—
Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

LVI.

Thus Triſtram, without loſs of life or limb,
Conquer'd the Giants' Caſtle in a day;
But whether it were accident or whim
That kept him in the Woods ſo long away,
In any other mortal except him
I ſhould not feel a doubt of what to ſay;
But he was wholly guided by his humour,
Indifferent to report and public rumour.

LVII.

It was beſides imagined and ſuſpected
That he had miſs'd his courſe by deep deſign,
To take the track which Gawain had neglected—
I ſpeak of others' notions, not of mine:
I queſtion even if he recollected—
He might have felt a moment's wiſh to ſhine;
I only know that he made nothing of it,
Either for reputation or for profit.

LVIII.

The Ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,
Proceeded inſtantaneouſly to Court,

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To thank their Majeſties for their protection.
Sir Gawain follow'd with a grand eſcort,
And was received with favour and affection.
Sir Triſtram remain'd loitering in the Fort;
He thought the building and the ſcenery ſtriking,
And that poor captive Giant took his liking.

LIX.

And now the thread of our Romance unravels,
Preſenting new performers on the ſtage;
A Giant's education and his travels
Will occupy the next ſucceeding page:
But I begin to tremble at the cavils
Of this faſtidious, ſupercilious age;
Reviews, and paragraphs in morning papers—
The proſpect of them gives my Muſe the vapours.

LX.

"My dear," ſays ſhe, "I think it will be well
"To aſcertain our loſſes or our gains:
"If this firſt ſample ſhould ſucceed and ſell,
"We can renew the ſame melodious ſtrains."
Poor ſoul! ſhe's had, I think, a tedious ſpell,
And ought to be conſider'd for her pains.
And keeping of my company ſo long—
A moderate compliment would not be wrong.

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CANTO III.

I.

'VE a propoſal here from Mr. Murray,
" He offers handſomely—the money down;
" My dear, you might recover from your flurry
" In a nice airy lodging out of town,
" At Croydon, Epſom, anywhere in Surrey;
" If every ſtanza brings us in a crown,
" I think that I might venture to beſpeak
" A bed-room and front-parlour for next week.

II.

" Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think;
" Your nerves have undergone a ſudden ſhock;
" Your poor dear ſpirits have begun to ſink;
" On Banſtead Downs you'd muſter a new ſtock,
" And I'd be ſure to keep away from drink,
" And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
" We'll travel down there in the morning ſtages;
" Our verſes ſhall go down to diſtant ages.

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III.

" And here in town we'll breakfaſt on hot rolls,
" And you ſhall have a better ſhawl to wear;
" Theſe pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes;
" By Monday next I'll compaſs a new pair:
" Come, now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
" And take away the things you hung to air,
" Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
" The kettle up."—*Arms and the Monks I ſing.*

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey ſtood,
Amidſt the mountains, near a noble ſtream;
A level eminence, enſhrined with wood,
Sloped to the river's bank and ſouthern beam;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly perſons, and of good eſteem,
That paſs'd an eaſy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly ſtrife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there ſubſiſted,
In the firſt abbot's lifetime, much reſpect;
The Giants let them ſettle where they liſted;
The Giants were a tolerating ſect.
A poor lame Giant once the Monks aſſiſted,
Old and abandon'd, dying with neglect,
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the ſtone.

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VI.

This ſeem'd a glorious, golden opportunity,
To civilize the whole gigantic race;
To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity;
The Giants' valley was a fertile place,
And might have much enrich'd the whole community,
Had the old Giant lived a longer ſpace;
But he relapſed, and though all means were tried,
They could but juſt baptize him—when he died.

VII.

And, I believe, the Giants never knew
Of the kind treatment that befel their mate;
He broke down all at once, and all the crew
Had taken leave, and left him to his fate;
And though the Monks expoſed him full in view,
Propt on his crutches, at the garden gate,
To prove their cure, and ſhew that all was right,
It happen'd that no Giants came in ſight:

VIII.

They never found another caſe to cure,
But their demeanour calm and reverential,
Their geſture and their veſture grave and pure,
Their conduct ſober, cautious, and prudential,
Engaged reſpect, ſufficient to ſecure
Their properties and intereſts moſt eſſential;
They kept a diſtant, courteous intercourſe;
Salutes and geſtures were their ſole diſcourſe.

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IX.

Muſic will civilize, the poets ſay,
In time it might have civilized the Giants;
The Jeſuits found its uſe in Paraguay;
Orpheus was famous for harmonic ſcience,
And civilized the Thracians in that way;
My judgment coincides with Mr. Bryant's;
He thinks that Orpheus meant a race of cloiſterers,
Obnoxious to the Bacchanalian roiſterers.

X.

Deciphering the ſymbols of mythology,
He finds them Monks, expert in their vocation;
Teachers of muſic, medicine, and theology,
The miſſionaries of the barbarous Thracian;
The poet's fable was a wild apology
For an inhuman bloody reformation,
Which left thoſe tribes uncivilized and rude,
Naked and fierce, and painted and tattoo'd.

XI.

It was a glorious jacobinic job
To pull down convents, to condemn for treaſon
Poor peeping Pentheus—to carouſe and rob,
With naked raving goddeſſes of reaſon,
The feſtivals and orgies of the mob
That every twentieth century come in ſeaſon.
Enough of Orpheus—the ſucceeding page
Relates to Monks of a more recent age;

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XII.

And oft that wild untutor'd race would draw,
Led by the ſolemn ſound and ſacred light
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely ſhaw,
To liſten all the livelong ſummer night,
Till deep, ſerene, and reverential awe
Environ'd them with ſilent calm delight,
Contemplating the Minſter's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glaſſy ſtream;

XIII.

But chiefly, when the ſhadowy moon had ſhed
O'er woods and waters her myſterious hue,
Their paſſive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aſpirations ſtrange and new,
Till their brute ſouls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depth of inſtinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's aſſociations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

XIV.

Each was aſhamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each could venture—"Liſten, brothers,
"It ſeems as if one heard heaven's thunder melt
"In muſic!—all at once it ſoothes—it ſmothers—
"It overpowers one—Pillicock, don't pelt!
"It ſeems a kind of ſhame, a kind of ſin,
"To vex thoſe harmleſs worthy ſouls within."

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XV.

In caſtles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in caſtles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wiſh, throughout thoſe ſacred cells,
For bells of larger ſize, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the ſound of bells,
And ſoon the fierce antipathy was ſhown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour,
Rouſed their irrational gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy Monks! you ſee no danger nigh;
Exulting in their ſound and ſize and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply:
The belfry rocks, your boſoms are elate,
Your ſpirits with the ropes and pullies fly;
Tired, but tranſported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and ſtamping, overjoy'd and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the ſolemn mountains that ſurrounded
The ſilent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were aſtounded,
When the firſt peal burſt forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears ſeverely wounded,
They ſcarce knew what to think, or what to ſay;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their ſentiments, diſſembling what they feel,

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XVIII.

Yet) Cader-Gibbriſh from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this ſtrange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep ſurpriſe and indignation;
The leſſer hills, in language of their own,
Diſcuſs'd the topic by reverberation;
Diſcourſing with their echoes all day long,
Their only converſation was, "ding-dong."

XIX.

Thoſe giant-mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place:
Not ſo the mountain-giants—(as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they diſapproved,
They ran ſtraight forward to beſiege the place
With a diſcordant univerſal yell,
Like houſe-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Hiſtorians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to perſevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppreſſion, ſacrilege, aſſaſſination;
The following ſcenes I wiſh'd to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So—"my heart ſickens, and I drop my pen,"
And am obliged to pick it up again,

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XXI.

And, dipping it afreſh, I muſt tranſcribe
An ancient monkiſh record, which diſplays
The ſavage acts of that gigantic tribe;
I hope, that from the diction of thoſe days,
This noble, national poem will imbibe
A ſomething (in the old reviewing phraſe),
"Of an original flavour, and a racineſs;"
I ſhould not elſe tranſcribe it out of lazineſs.

XXII.

The writer firſt relates a dream, or viſion,
Obſerved by Luke and Lawrence in their cells,
And a nocturnal hideous apparition
Of fiends and devils dancing round the bells:
This laſt event is ſtated with preciſion;
Their perſons he deſcribes, their names he tells,
Klaproth, Tantallan, Barbanel, Belphegor,
Long-tail'd, long-talon'd, hairy, black, and meagre.

XXIII.

He then rehearſes ſundry marvels more,
Damping the mind with horror by degrees,
Of a prodigious birth a heifer bore,
Of mermaids ſeen in the ſurrounding ſeas,
Of a ſea-monſter that was caſt aſhore;
Earthquakes and thunder-ſtones, events like
theſe,
Which ſerved to ſhew the times were out of joint,
And then proceeds directly to the point.

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XXIV.

Erant rumores et timores varii;
Dies horroris et confuſionis
Evenit in calendis Januarii;
Gigantes, ſemen maledictionis
Noſtri potentes impii adverſarii,
Iraſcebantur campanarum ſonis,
Horâ ſecundâ centum tres gigantes
Venerunt ante januam ululantes.

XXV.

At fratres pleni deſolationis,
Stabant ad neceſſarium præſidium,
Perterriti pro vitis et pro bonis,
Et perduravit hoc crudele obſidium,
Noſtri clauſtralis pauperis Sionis,
Ad primum diem proximorum Idium:
Tunc in triumpho fracto tintinnabulo,
Gigantes ibant alibi pro pabulo.

XXVI.

Sed frater Iſidorus decumbebat
In lecto per tres menſes brachio fracto,
Nam lapides Mangonellus jaciebat,
Et fregit tintinnabulum lapide jacto;
Et omne vicinagium deſtruebat,
Et nihil relinquebat de intacto,
Ardens molinos, Caſas, meſſuagia,
Et alia multa damna atque outragia.

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XXVII.

Thoſe Monks were poor proficients in divinity,
And ſcarce knew more of Latin than myſelf;
Compared with theirs they ſay that true Latinity
Appears like porcelain compared with delf;
As for the damage done in the vicinity,
Thoſe that have laid their Latin on the ſhelf
May like to read the ſubſequent narration
Done into metre from a friend's tranſlation.

XXVIII.

Squire Humphry Bamberham, of Boozley Hall,
(Whoſe name I mention with deſerved reſpect),
On market-days was often pleaſed to call,
And to ſuggeſt improvements, or correct;
I own the obligation once for all,
Leſt critics ſhould imagine they detect
Traces of learning and ſuperior reading,
Beyond, as they ſuppoſe, my birth and breeding.

XXIX.

Papers beſides, and tranſcripts moſt material,
He gave me when I went to him to dine;
A trunk full, one coach-ſeat, and an imperial,
One band-box—But the work is wholly mine;
The tone, the form, the colouring ethereal,
"The viſion and the faculty divine,"*
The ſcenery, characters, and triple-rhymes,
I'll ſwear it—like old Walter of the Times.

[* Wordſworth, *Excurſion*, Book I.—ED.]

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XXX.

Long, long before, upon a point of weight,
Such as a ring of bells complete and new,
Chapters were ſummon'd, frequent, full, and late;
The point was view'd in every point of view,
Till, after fierce diſcuſſion and debate,
The wiſer monks, the wiſe are always few,
That from the firſt oppoſed the plan *in toto*,
Were over-borne, *canonicali voto*.

XXXI.

A prudent monk, their reader and librarian,
Obſerved a faction, angry, ſtrong, and warm,
(Himſelf an anti-tintinnabularian),
He ſaw, or thought he ſaw, a party form
To ſcout him as an alien and ſectarian.
There was an undefined impending ſtorm!
The opponents were united, bold, and hot;
They might degrade, impriſon him—what not?

XXXII.

Now faction in a city, camp, or cloiſter,
While it is yet a tender raw beginner,
Is nouriſh'd by ſuperfluous warmth and moiſture,
Namely, by warmth and moiſture after dinner;
And therefore, till the temper and the poſture
Of things ſhould alter—till a ſecret inner
Inſtinctive voice ſhould whiſper, all is right—
He deem'd it ſafeſt to keep leaſt in ſight.

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XXXIII.

He felt as if his neck were in a nooſe,
And evermore retired betimes from table,
For fear of altercation and abuſe,
But made the beſt excuſe that he was able;
He never roſe without a good excuſe,
(Like Maſter Stork invited in the fable
To Mr. Fox's dinner); there he ſat,
Impatient to retire and take his hat.

XXXIV.

For only once or twice that he remain'd
To change this conſtant formal courſe, he found
His brethren awkward, ſullen, and conſtrain'd,
—He caught the converſation at a bound,
And, with a hurried agitation, ſtrain'd
His wits to keep it up, and drive it round.
—It ſaved him—but he felt the riſk and danger,
Behaved-to like a pleaſant utter ſtranger.

XXXV.

Wiſe people ſometimes will pretend to ſleep,
And watch and liſten while they droop and ſnore—
He felt himſelf a kind of a black ſheep,
But ſtudied to be neither leſs or more
Obliging than became him—but to keep
His temper, ſtyle, and manner as before;
It ſeem'd the beſt, the ſafeſt, only plan,
Never to ſeem to feel as a mark'd man.

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XXXVI.

Wiſe Curs, when caniſter'd, refuſe to run;
They merely crawl and creep about, and whine,
And diſappoint the Boys, and ſpoil the fun—
That picture is too mean—this Monk of mine
Ennobled it, as others ſince have done,
With grace and eaſe, and grandeur of deſign;
He neither ran nor howl'd, nor crept nor turn'd,
But wore it as he walk'd, quite unconcern'd.

XXXVII.

To manifeſt the ſlighteſt want of nerve
Was evidently perfect, utter ruin,
Therefore the ſeeming to recant or ſwerve,
By meddling any way with what was doing,
He felt within himſelf would only ſerve
To bring down all the miſchief that was brewing;
" No duty binds me, no conſtraint compels
" To bow before the Dagon of the Bells,

XXXVIII.

" To flatter this new foolery, to betray
" My vote, my conſcience, and my better ſenſe,
" By buſtling in the Belfry day by day;
" But in the Grange, the Cellar, or the Spence,
" (While all are otherwiſe employ'd), I may
" Deſerve their thanks, at leaſt avoid offence;
" For (while this vile anticipated clatter
" Fills all their hearts and ſenſes), every matter

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XXXIX.

" Behoveful for our maintenance and needs
" Is wholly diſregarded, and the courſe
" Of our conventual management proceeds
" At random, day by day, from bad to worſe;
" The Larder dwindles and the Cellar bleeds!
" Beſides,—beſides the bells, we muſt diſburſe
" For maſonry, for frame-work, wheels and fliers;
" Next winter we muſt faſt like genuine friars."

XL.

As Bees, that when the ſkies are calm and fair,
In June, or the beginning of July,
Launch forth colonial ſettlers in the air,
Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,
With eager worry whirling here and there,
They know not whence, nor whither, where, nor why,
In utter hurry-ſcurry, going, coming,
Maddening the ſummer air with ceaſeleſs humming;

XLI.

Till the ſtrong Frying-pan's energic jangle
With thrilling thrum their feebler hum doth drown,
Then paſſive and appeaſed, they droop and dangle,
Clinging together cloſe, and cluſtering down,

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Link'd in a multitudinous living tangle
Like an old Taſſel of a dingy brown;
The joyful Farmer ſees, and ſpreads his hay,
And reckons on a ſettled ſultry day.

XLII.

E'en ſo the Monks, as wild as ſparks of fire,
(Or ſwarms unpacified by pan or kettle),
Ran reſtleſs round the Cloiſters and the Quire,
Till thoſe huge maſſes of ſonorous metal
Attracted them toward the Tower and Spire;
There you might ſee them cluſter, crowd, and ſettle,
Throng'd in the hollow tintinnabular Hive;
The Belfry ſwarm'd with Monks; it ſeem'd alive.

XLIII.

Then, while the Cloiſters, Courts, and Yards were ſtill,
Silent and empty, like a long vacation;
The Friar prowl'd about, intent to fill
Details of delegated occupation,
Which, with a ready frankneſs and good will,
He undertook; he ſaid, "the obligation
"Was nothing—nothing—he could ſerve their turn
"While they were buſy with this new concern."

XLIV.

Combining prudence with a ſcholar's pride,
Poor Tully, like a toad beneath a harrow,

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Twitch'd, jerk'd, and haul'd and maul'd on every ſide,
Tried to identify himſelf with Varro;
This courſe our cautious Friar might have tried,
But his poor convent was a field too narrow;
There was not, from the Prior to the Cook,
A ſingle ſoul that cared about a book:

XLV.

Yet, ſitting with his books, he felt unclogg'd,
Unfetter'd; and for hours together taſted
The calm delight of being neither dogg'd,
Nor watch'd, nor worried; he tranſcribed, he paſted,
Repaired old Bindings, index'd, catalogued,
Illuminated, mended Claſps, and waſted
An hour or two ſometimes in actual reading;
Meanwhile the belfry buſineſs was proceeding;

XLVI.

And the firſt opening Peal, the grand diſplay,
In proſpect ever preſent to his mind,
Was faſt approaching, pregnant with diſmay,
With loathing and with horror undefined,
Like the expectation of an Ague-day;
The day before he neither ſupp'd nor dined,
And felt beforehand, for a fortnight near,
A kind of deafneſs in his fancy's ear:

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XLVII.

But moſt he fear'd his ill-digeſted ſpleen,
Inflamed by gibes, might lead him on to wrangle,
Or diſcompoſe, at leaſt, his looks and mien;
So, with the Belfry's firſt preluſive jangle,
He ſallied from the Garden-gate unſeen,
With his worſt hat, his boots, his line and angle,
Meaning to paſs away the time, and bring
Some fiſh for ſupper, as a civil thing.

XLVIII.

The proſpect of their after-ſupper talk
Employ'd his thoughts, forecaſting many a ſcoff,
Which he with quick reply muſt damp and balk,
Parrying at once, without a hem or cough,
"Had not the bells annoy'd him in his walk?—
"No, faith! he liked them beſt when fartheſt off."
Thus he prepared and practiſed many a ſentence,
Expreſſing eaſe, good-humour, independence.

XLIX.

His ground-bait had been laid the night before,
Moſt fortunately! for he uſed to ſay,
"That more than once the belfry's bothering roar
"Almoſt induced him to remove away;"
Had he ſo done,—the gigantean corps
Had ſack'd the convent on that very day,
But providentially the perch and dace
Bit freely, which detain'd him at the place.

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L.

And here let us detain ourſelves awhile,
My dear Thalia! party's angry frown
And petty malice in that monkiſh pile,
(The warfare of the cowl and of the gown),
Had almoſt dried my wits and drain'd my ſtyle;
Here, with our legs, then, idly dangling down,
We'll reſt upon the bank, and dip our toes
In the poetic current as it flows.

LI.

Or in the narrow ſunny plaſhes near,
Obſerve the puny piſcatory Swarm,
That with their tiny Squadrons tack and veer,
Cruiſing amidſt the ſhelves and ſhallows warm,
Chaſing, or in retreat, with hope or fear
Of petty plunder or minute alarm;
With clanniſh inſtinct how they wheel and face,
Inherited arts inherent in the race;

LII.

Or mark the jetty, gloſſy Tribes that glance
Upon the water's firm unruffled breaſt,
Tracing their ancient labyrinthic dance
In mute myſterious cadence unexpreſs'd;
Alas! that freſh diſaſter and miſchance
Again muſt drive us from our place of reſt!
Grim Mangonel, with his outrageous crew,
Will ſcare us hence within an hour or two.

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LIII.

Poets are privileged to run away—
  Alcæus and Archilochus could fling
Their ſhields behind them in a doubtful fray;
  And ſtill ſweet Horace may be heard to ſing
His filthy fright upon Philippi's day;
  (—You can retire, too—for the Muſe's wing
Is ſwift as Cupid's pinion when he flies,
Alarm'd at periwigs and human Ties).

LIV.

This practice was approved in times of yore,
  Though later bards behaved like gentlemen,
And Garcilaſſo, Camoens, many more,
  Diſclaim'd the privilege of book and pen;
And bold Aneurin, all bedripp'd with gore,
  Burſting by force from the beleaguer'd glen,
Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,
Not meek and mean, as Gray miſunderſtood.

LV.

But we, that write a mere Campaigning Tour,
  May chooſe a ſtation for our point of view
That's pictureſque and perfectly ſecure;
  Come, now we'll ſketch the friar—That will
    do—
"Deſigns and etchings by an amateur;"
"A frontiſpiece, and a vignette or two:"
But much I fear that aquatint and etching
Will ſcarce keep pace with true poetic ſketching.

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LVI.

Dogs that inhabit near the banks of Nile,
(As ancient authors or old proverbs ſay),
Dreading the cruel critic Crocodile,
Drink as they run, a mouthful and away;
'Tis a true model for deſcriptive ſtyle;
"Keep moving," (as the man ſays in the play),
The power of motion is the poet's forte—
Therefore, again, "keep moving! that's your fort!"

LVII.

For, otherwiſe, while you perſiſt and paint,
With your portfolio pinion'd to a ſpot,
Half of your picture grows effaced and faint,
Imperfectly remember'd, or forgot;
Make ſketch, then, upon ſketch; and if they a'n't
Complete, it does not ſignify a jot;
Leave graphic illuſtrations of your work
To be deviſed by Weſtall or by Smirke.

LVIII.

I'll ſpeak my mind at once, in ſpite of raillery;
I've thought and thought again a thouſand times,
What a magnificent Poetic Gallery
Might be deſign'd from my Stowmarket rhymes;
I look for no reward, nor fee, nor ſalary,
I look for England's fame in foreign climes
And future ages—*Honos alit Artes*,
And ſuch a plan would reconcile all parties.

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LIX.

I'm ſtrongly for the preſent ſtate of things;
I look for no reform, nor innovation,
Becauſe our preſent Parliaments and Kings
Are competent to improve and rule the Nation,
Provided Projects that true Genius brings
Are held in due reſpect and eſtimation.
I've ſaid enough—and now you muſt be wiſhing
To ſee the landſcape, and the friar fiſhing.

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CANTO IV.

I.

A MIGHTY current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's ſhade,
Battering its wave-worn baſe; but you might ſee
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalm'd beneath ſome little iſland's lee
All tranquil, and tranſparent, cloſe embay'd;
Reflecting in the deep ſerene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of Heaven;

II.

The painted kingfiſher, the branch above her,
Stand in the ſteadfaſt mirror fixt and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freſhening the ſurface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pauſing, paſſing over,
Again returning, to retire anew:
So reſt and motion, in a narrow range,
Feaſted the ſight with joyous interchange.

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III.

The Monk with handy jerk, and petty baits,
Stands twitching out apace the perch and roach;
His mightier tackle, pitch'd apart, awaits
The groveling barbel's unobſerved approach:
And ſoon his motley meal of homely Cates
Is ſpread, the leather bottle is a-broach;
Eggs, Bacon, Ale, a Napkin, Cheeſe and Knife,
Forming a charming Picture of Still-life.

IV.

The Friar fiſhing—a deſign for Cuyp,
A cabinet jewel—" Pray remark the boot;
" And, leading from the light, that ſhady ſtripe,
" With the dark bulruſh-heads how well they ſuit;
" And then, that mellow tint ſo warm and ripe,
" That falls upon the caſſock, and ſurtout:"
If it were fairly painted, puff'd and ſold,
My gallery would be worth its weight in gold.

V.

But hark!—the buſy Chimes fall faſt and ſtrong,
Clattering and pealing in their full career;
Cloſely the thickening ſounds together throng,
No longer painful to the Friar's ear,
They bind his Fancy with illuſion ſtrong;
While his rapt Spirit hears, or ſeems to hear,
" *Turn, turn again—gen—gèn, thou noble Friar,*
" *Eleele—lèele—lèele—lected Prior.*"

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VI.

Thus the mild Monk, as he unhook'd a gudgeon,
Stood muſing—when far other ſounds ariſe,
Sounds of deſpite and ire, and direful dudgeon;
And ſoon acroſs the River he eſpies,
In wrathful act, a hideous huge Curmudgeon
Calling his Comrades on with ſhouts and cries,
"There!—there it is!—I told them ſo before;"
He left his Line and Hook, and ſaid no more;

VII.

But ran right forward, (pelted all the way),
And bolted breathleſs at the Convent-gate,
The meſſenger and herald of diſmay;
But ſoon with conſcious worth, and words of weight,
Gives orders which the ready Monks obey:
Doors, windows, wickets, are blockaded ſtraight;
He reinſpires the Convent's drooping ſons,
Is here and there, and everywhere, at once.

VIII.

"Friends! fellow-Monks!" he cried, ("for well you know
"That mightieſt Giants muſt in vain eſſay
"Acroſs yon river's foaming gulf to go:)
"The mountainous, obſcure and winding way,
"That guides their footſteps to the Ford below,
"Affords a reſpite of deſired delay—

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" Seize then the paſſing hour!"—the Monk kept bawling,
In terms to this effect, though not ſo drawling.

IX.

His words were theſe, " Before the Ford is croſt,
" We've a good hour,—at leaſt three quarters good—
" Beſtir yourſelves, my lads, or all is loſt—
" Drive down this Staunchion, bring thoſe Spars of wood;
" This Bench will ſerve—here, wedge it to the Poſt;
" Come, Peter, quick! ſtrip off your Gown and Hood—
" Take up the Mallet, Man, and bang away!
" Tighten theſe Ropes—now laſh them, and belay.

X.

" Finiſh the job while I return—I fear
" Yon Poſtern-gate will prove the Convent's ruin;
" You, brother John, my Nameſake! ſtay you here,
" And give an eye to what theſe Monks are doing;
" Bring out the ſcalding Sweet-wort, and the Beer,
" Keep up the Stoke-hole fire, where we were brewing:
" And pull the Gutters up and melt the Lead—
" (Before a dozen *aves* can be ſaid,)

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XI.

"I ſhall be back amongſt you."—Forth he went,
Secured the Poſtern, and return'd again,
Diſpoſing all with high arbitrement,
With earneſt air, and viſage on the main
Concern of public ſafety fixt and bent;
For now the Giants, ſtretching o'er the plain,
Are ſeen, preſenting in the dim horizon
Tall awful forms, horrific and ſurpriſing—

XII.

I'd willingly walk barefoot fifty mile,
To find a ſcholar, or divine, or ſquire,
That could aſſiſt me to deviſe a Style
Fit to deſcribe the conduct of the Friar;
I've tried three different ones within a while,
The Grave, the Vulgar, and the grand High-flier;
All are I think improper, more or leſs,
I'll take my chance amongſt 'em—you ſhall gueſs.

XIII.

Intrepid, eager, ever prompt to fly
Where danger and the Convent's ſafety call;
Where doubtful points demand a judging eye,
Where on the maſſy gates huge maces fall;
Where miſſile vollied rocks are whirl'd on high,
Preëminent upon the embattled wall,
In geſture, and in voice, he ſtands confeſt;
Exhorting all the Monks to do their beſt.

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XIV.

We redeſcend to phraſe of low degree—
For there's a point which you muſt wiſh to know,
The real ruling Abbot—where was he?
For (ſince we make ſo claſſical a ſhow,
Our Convent's mighty ſtructure, as you ſee,
Like Thebes or Troy beleaguer'd by the foe:
Our Friar ſcuffling like a kind of Cocles),
You'll figure him perhaps like Eteocles

XV.

In Æſchylus, with ſentries, guards and watches,
Ready for all contingencies ariſing,
Pitting his choſen chiefs in equal matches
Againſt the foe—anon ſoliloquizing;
Then occupied anew with freſh diſpatches——
Nothing like this!—but ſomething more ſurpriſing—
Was he like Priam then—that's ſtranger far—
That in the ninth year of his Trojan war,

XVI.

Knew not the names or perſons of his foes,
But merely points them out as ſtout or tall,
While (as no Trojan knew them, I ſuppoſe),
Helen attends her father to the wall,
To tell him long details of theſe and thoſe?
'Twas not like this, but ſtrange and odd withal;

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" Nobody knows it—nothing need be ſaid,
" Our poor dear Abbot is this inſtant dead.

XVII.

" They wheel'd him out, you know, to take the air—
" It muſt have been an apoplectic fit—
" He tumbled forward from his garden-chair—
" He ſeem'd completely gone, but warm as yet:
" I wonder how they came to leave him there;
" Poor ſoul! he wanted courage, heart, and wit
" For Times like theſe—the Shock and the Surpriſe!
" 'Twas very natural the Gout ſhould riſe.

XVIII.

" But ſuch a ſudden end was ſcarce expected;
" Our parties will be puzzled to proceed;
" The belfry ſet divided and dejected:
" The criſis is a ſtrange one, ſtrange indeed;
" I'll bet yon fighting Friar is elected;
" It often happens in the hour of need,
" From popular ideas of utility,
" People are pitch'd upon for mere ability.

XIX.

" I'll hint the ſubject, and communicate
" The ſad event—He's ſtanding there apart;
" Our offer, to be ſure, comes ſomewhat late,
" But then, we never thought he meant to ſtart,

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" And if he gains his end, at any rate,
" He has an underſtanding and a heart;
" He'll ſerve or he'll protect his friends, at leaſt,
" With better ſpirit than the poor deceaſed;

XX.

" The convent was all going to the devil
" While he, poor creature, thought himſelf beloved
" For ſaying handſome things, and being civil,
" Wheeling about as he was pull'd and ſhoved,
" By way of leaving things to find their level."
The funeral ſermon ended, both approved,
And went to Friar John, who merely doubted
The fact, and wiſh'd them to inquire about it;

XXI.

Then left them, and return'd to the attack:
They found their Abbot in his former place;
They took him up and turn'd him on his back;
At firſt (you know) he tumbled on his face:
They found him fairly ſtiff, and cold, and black;
They *then* unlooſed each ligature and lace,
His neckcloth and his girdle, hoſe and garters,
And took him up, and lodged him in his quarters.

XXII.

Bees ſerved me for a ſimile before,
And bees again—" Bees that have loſt their king,"

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Would ſeem a repetition and a bore;
Beſides, in fact, I never ſaw the thing;
And though thoſe phraſes from the good old ſtore
Of "feebler hummings and a flagging wing,"
Perhaps may be deſcriptive and exact;
I doubt it; I confine myſelf to fact.

XXIII.

Thus much is certain, that a mighty pother
Ariſes; that the frame and the condition
Of things is alter'd, they combine and bother,
And every winged inſect politician
Is warm and eager till they chooſe another.
In our monaſtic Hive the ſame ambition
Was active and alert; but angry fortune
Conſtrain'd them to contract the long, importune,

XXIV.

Tedious, obſcure, inexplicable train,
Qualification, form, and oath and teſt,
Ballots on ballots, balloted again;
Acceſſits, ſcrutinies, and all the reſt;
Theirs was the good old method, ſhort and plain;
Per acclamationem they inveſt
Their fighting Friar John with Robes and Ring,
Crozier and Mitre, Seals, and every thing.

XXV.

With a new warlike active Chief elected,
Almoſt at once, it ſcarce can be conceived

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What a new ſpirit, real or affected,
Prevail'd throughout; the Monks complain'd and grieved
That nothing was attempted or projected;
While Quiriſters and Novices believed
That their new fighting Abbot, Friar John,
Would ſally forth at once, and lead them on.

XXVI.

I paſs ſuch goſſip, and devote my cares
By diligent inquiry to detect
The genuine ſtate and poſture of affairs:
Unmanner'd, uninform'd, and incorrect,
Falſehood and Malice hold alternate chairs,
And lecture and preſide in Envy's ſect;
The fortunate and great ſhe never ſpares,
Sowing the ſoil of hiſtory with tares.

XXVII.

Thus, jealous of the truth, and feeling loth
That Sir Nathaniel henceforth ſhould accuſe
Our noble Monk of cowardice and ſloth,
I'll print the Affidavit of the Muſe,
And ſtate the facts as aſcertain'd on Oath,
Corroborated by Surveys and Views,
When good King Arthur granted them a Brief,
And Ninety Groats were raiſed for their relief.

XXVIII.

Their arbours, walks, and alleys were defaced,
Riven and uprooted, and with ruin ſtrown,

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And the fair Dial in their garden placed
Batter'd by barbarous hands, and overthrown;
The Deer with wild purſuit diſperſed and chaſed,
The Dove-houſe ranſack'd, and the Pigeons flown;
The Cows all kill'd in one promiſcuous ſlaughter,
The Sheep all drown'd, and floating in the water.

XXIX.

The Mill was burn'd down to the water wheels;
The Giants broke away the Dam and Sluice,
Dragg'd up and emptied all the Fiſhing-reels;
Drain'd and deſtroy'd the Reſervoir and Stews,
Wading about, and groping carp and eels;
In ſhort, no ſingle earthly thing of uſe
Remain'd untouch'd beyond the convent's wall:
The Friars from their windows view'd it all.

XXX.

But the bare hope of perſonal defence,
The church, the convent's and their own protection,
Abſorb'd their thoughts, and ſilenced every ſenſe
Of preſent loſs, till Friar John's election;
Then other ſchemes aroſe, I know not whence,
Whether from flattery, zeal, or diſaffection,
But the brave Monk, like Fabius with Hannibal,
Againſt internal faction, and the cannibal

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XXXI.

Inhuman foe, that threaten'd from without,
Stood firmly, with a ſelf-ſufficing mind,
Impregnable to rumour, fear, or doubt,
Determined that the caſual, idle, blind
Event of battle with that barbarous Rout,
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs and garbage, ſhould not bind
Their future deſtinies, or fix the ſeal
Of ruin on the clauſtral Common-weal.

XXXII.

He check'd the raſh, the boiſterous, and the proud,
By ſpeech and action, manly but diſcreet;
During the ſiege he never once allow'd
Of chapters, or convoked the monks to meet,
Dreading the conſultations of a crowd.
Hiſtoric parallels we ſometimes meet—
I think I could contrive one—if you pleaſe,
I ſhall compare our Monk to Perikles.

XXXIII.

In former Times, amongſt the Athenians bold,
This Perikles was placed in high command,
Heading their troops (as ſtateſmen uſed of old),
In all their wars and fights by ſea and land;
Beſides, in Langhorne's Plutarch we are told
How many fine ingenious things he plann'd;
For Phidias was an Architect and Builder,
Jeweller and Engraver, Carver, Gilder;

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XXXIV.

But altogether quite expert and clever;
Perikles took him up and ſtood his friend,
Perſuading theſe Athenians to endeavour
To raiſe a Work to laſt to the world's end,
By means of which their Fame ſhould laſt for ever;
Likewiſe an Image (which, you comprehend,
They meant to pray to, for the country's good);
They had before an old one made of wood,

XXXV.

But being partly rotten and decay'd,
They wiſh'd to have a new one ſpick-and-ſpan,
So Perikles adviſed it ſhould be made
According to this Phidias's plan,
Of ivory, with gold all overlaid,
Of the height of twenty cubits and a ſpan,
Making eleven yards of Engliſh meaſure,
All to be paid for from the public treaſure.

XXXVI.

So Phidias's talents were requited
With talents that were ſpent upon the work,
And every body buſied and delighted,
Building a Temple—this was their next quirk—
Leſt it ſhould think itſelf ill-uſed and ſlighted.
This Temple now belongs to the Grand Turk,
The fineſt in the world allow'd to be,
That people go five hundred miles to ſee.

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XXXVII.

Its ancient Carvings are ſafe here at home,
Brought round by ſhipping from as far as Greece,
Finer, they ſay, than all the things at Rome;
But here you need not pay a penny-piece;
But curious people, if they like to come,
May look at them as often as they pleaſe—
I've left my ſubject, but I was not ſorry
To mention things that raiſe the country's glory.

XXXVIII.

Well, Perikles made everything complete,
Their town, their harbour, and their city wall;
When their allies rebell'd, he made them treat
And pay for peace, and tax'd and fined them all,
By which means Perikles maintain'd a fleet,
And kept three hundred galleys at his call;
Perikles was a man for every thing;
Perikles was a kind of petty king.

XXXIX.

It happen'd Sparta was another State;
They thought themſelves as good; they could not bear
To ſee the Athenians grown ſo proud and great,
Ruling and domineering every where,
And ſo reſolved, before it grew too late,
To fight it out and ſettle the affair;
Then, being quite determined to proceed,
They muſter'd an amazing force indeed;

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XL.

And (after praying to their idol Mars)
March'd on, with all the allies that choſe to join,
As was the practice in old heathen wars,
Deſtroying all the fruit trees, every vine,
And ſmaſhing and demoliſhing the jars
In which thoſe claſſic ancients kept their wine;
The Athenians ran within the city wall
To ſave themſelves, their children, wives, and all.

XLI.

Then Perikles (whom they compared to Jove,
As being apt to ſtorm and play the deuce),
Kept quiet, and forbad the troops to move,
Becauſe a battle was no kind of uſe;
The more they mutinied, the more he ſtrove
To keep them ſafe in ſpite of their abuſe,
For while the Farms were ranſack'd round the Town,
This was the people's language up and down:

XLII.

"'Tis better to die once than live to ſee
"Such an abomination, ſuch a waſte;"
"No! no!" ſays Perikles, "that muſt not be,
"You're too much in hurry,—too much haſte—
"Learned Athenians, leave the thing to me;
"You think of being bullied and diſgraced;
"Don't think of that, nor anſwer their defiance;
"We'll gain the day by our ſuperior ſcience."

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XLIII.

Perikles led the people as he pleaſed,
But in moſt caſes ſomething is forgot:
What with the crowd and heat they grew diſeaſed,
And died in heaps like wethers with the rot;
And, at the laſt, the ſame diſtemper ſeized
Poor Perikles himſelf—he went to pot.
It anſwer'd badly;—therefore I admire
So much the more the conduct of the Friar.

XLIV.

For in the Garriſon where he preſided,
Neither diſtreſs, nor famine, nor diſeaſe,
Were felt, nor accident nor harm betided
The happy Monks; but plenteous, and with eaſe,
All needful monkiſh viands were provided;
Bacon and Pickled-herring, Pork and Peas;
And when the Table-beer began to fail,
They found reſources in the Bottled-ale.

XLV.

Dinner and ſupper kept their uſual hours;
Breakfaſt and luncheon never were delay'd,
While to the Sentries on the walls and towers
Between two plates hot meſſes were convey'd.
At the departure of the invading powers,
It was a boaſt the noble Abbot made,
None of his Monks were weaker, paler, thinner,
Or, during all the ſiege, had loſt a dinner.

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XLVI.

This was the common courſe of their hoſtility;
The giant forces being foil'd at firſt,
Had felt the manifeſt impoſſibility
Of carrying things before them at a burſt,
But ſtill, without a proſpect of utility,
At ſtated hours they pelted, howl'd, and curſed;
And ſometimes, at the peril of their pates,
Would bang with clubs and maces at the gates;

XLVII.

Them the brave monkiſh legions, unappall'd,
With ſtones that ſerved before to pave the court,
(Heap'd and prepared at hand), repell'd and maul'd,
Without an effort, ſmiling as in ſport,
With many a broken head, and many a ſcald
From ſtones and molten lead and boiling wort;
Thus little Pillicock was left for dead,
And old Loblolly forced to keep his bed.

XLVIII.

The giant-troops invariably withdrew,
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock, and ſleep till two,
And afterwards (except in caſe of rain),
Return'd to clamour, hoot, and pelt anew.
The ſcene was every day the ſame again;
Thus the Blockade grew tedious: I intended
A week ago, myſelf, to raiſe and end it.

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XLIX.

One morn the drowſy Sentry rubb'd his eyes,
Foil'd by the ſcanty, baffling, early light;
It ſeem'd, a Figure of inferior ſize
Was traverſing the Giants' camp outright;
And ſoon a Monkiſh Form they recognize—
And now their brother Martin ſtands in ſight,
That on that morning of alarm and fear
Had rambled out to ſee the Salmon-Weir;

L.

Paſſing the Ford, the Giants' firſt attack
Left brother Martin's ſtation in their rear,
And thus prevented him from falling back;
But during all the Siege he watch'd them near,
Saw them returning by their former Track
The night before, and found the Camp was clear;
And ſo return'd in ſafety with delight
And rapture, and a ravenous appetite.

LI.

"Well! welcome,—welcome, brother!—Brother Martin!
"Why, Martin! we could ſcarce believe our eyes:
"Ah, brother! ſtrange events here ſince our parting—"
And Martin dined (diſpenſing brief replies
To all the queſtions that the monks were ſtarting,
Betwixt his mouthfuls), while each friar vies

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In filling, helping, carving, queſtioning;
So Martin dined in public like a king.

LII.

And now the Gates are open'd, and the Throng
Forth iſſuing, the deſerted Camp ſurvey;
"Here Murdomack, and Mangonel the ſtrong,
"And Gorboduc were lodged," and "here,"
they ſay,
"This pigſty to Poldavy did belong;
"Here Brindleback, and here Phagander lay."
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their poſture ſquatting on the ground.

LIII.

Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
Huge, wide apart, with half a dozen toes;
They track them on, till they converge and meet,
(An earneſt and aſſurance of repoſe)
Cloſe at the Ford; the cauſe of this retreat
They all conjecture, but no creature knows;
It was aſcribed to cauſes multifarious,
To ſaints, as Jerom, George and Januarius,

LIV.

To their own pious founder's interceſſion,
To Ave-Maries, and our Lady's Pſalter;
To news that Friar John was in poſſeſſion,
To new wax candles placed upon the altar,

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To their own prudence, valour, and diſcretion;
To reliques, roſaries, and holy water;
To beads and pſalms, and feats of arms—in ſhort,
There was no end of their accounting for't.

LV.

But though they could not, you, perhaps, may gueſs;
They went, in ſhort, upon their laſt adventure:
After the Ladies—neither more nor leſs—
Our ſtory now revolves upon its centre,
And I'm rejoiced myſelf, I muſt confeſs,
To find it tally like an old indenture;
They drove off Mules and Horſes half a ſcore,
The ſame that you ſaw roaſted heretofore.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs ſtill remain on hand,
For all my notions, being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer and expand,
And multiply themſelves a thouſandfold
Beyond the firſt idea that I plann'd;
Beſides,—this preſent copy muſt be ſold:
Beſides,—I promiſed Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May.

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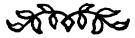
TRANSLATIONS FROM "THE POEM OF THE CID."



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[Printed as an Appendix to the *Chronicle of the Cid, from the Spaniſh*, by Robert Southey, Lond. 1808, pp. 437-468. Southey introduces them thus :—"The following tranſlated extracts from "the POEMA DEL CID may ſerve to give an idea "of the ſtyle of language and metre, and of the "ſpecies of poetical merit which belongs to the "Poem. They have been obligingly communi- "cated to me by a gentleman well acquainted "with the Spaniſh language. I have never ſeen "any other tranſlation which ſo perfectly repre- "ſents the manner, character, and ſpirit of its "original."]

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"The first of these monuments in age, and the first in im-
"portance, is the poem commonly called, with primitive
"simplicity and directness, 'The Poem of the Cid.' It
"consists of above 3000 lines, and can hardly have been
"composed later than the year 1200. Its subject, as its
"name implies, is taken from among the adventures of the
"Cid, the great popular hero of the chivalrous age of Spain;
"and the whole tone of its manners and feelings is in sym-
"pathy with the contest between the Moors and the Chris-
"tians, in which the Cid bore so great a part, and which
"was still going on with undiminished violence at the
"period when the poem was written. It has therefore a
"national bearing and a national character throughout.

"The Cid himself, who is to be found constantly
"commemorated in Spanish poetry, was born in the north-
"western part of Spain, about the year 1040, and died, in
"1099, at Valencia, which he had rescued from the Moors.
"His original name was Ruy Diaz, or Rodrigo Dias; and
"he was by birth one of the considerable barons of his
"country. The title of Cid, by which he is almost always
"known, is believed to have come to him from the remark-
"able circumstance that five Moorish kings or chiefs ac-
"knowledged him in one battle as their Seid, or their lord
"and conqueror; and the title of *Campeador* or Champion,
"by which he is hardly less known, though it is commonly
"supposed to have been given to him as a leader of the
"armies of Sancho the Second, has long since been used
"almost exclusively as a popular expression of the admiration
"of his countrymen for his exploits against the Moors. At
"any rate, from a very early period, he has been called El

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"Cid Campeador, or The Lord Champion. And he well "deſerved the honourable title; for he paſſed almoſt the "whole of his life in the field againſt the oppreſſors of his "country, ſuffering, ſo far as we know, ſcarcely a ſingle "defeat from the common enemy, though, on more than "one occaſion, he was exiled and ſacrificed by the Chriſtian "princes to whoſe intereſts he had attached himſelf.

"But whatever may have been the real adventures of his "life, over which the peculiar darkneſs of the period when "they were achieved has caſt a deep ſhadow, he comes to us "in modern times as the great defender of his nation againſt "its Mooriſh invaders, and ſeems to have ſo filled the imagi- "nation and ſatisfied the affections of his countrymen, that, "centuries after his death, and even down to our own days, "poetry and tradition have delighted to attach to his name "a long ſeries of fabulous achievements, which connect "him with the mythological fictions of the Middle Ages, "and remind us almoſt as often of Amadis and Arthur as "they do of the ſober heroes of genuine hiſtory.

"The poem of the Cid was originally publiſhed by "Sanchez in the firſt volume of Poeſías Caſtellanas Ante- "riores al Siglo XV. (Madrid, 1779). It contains 3744 "lines, and if the deficiencies in the MS. were ſupplied, "Sanchez thinks the whole would come up to about 4000 "lines."—TICKNOR'S *Hiſtory of Spaniſh Literature*, vol. i.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CID.

ARGUMENT.

The Cid being driven into baniſhment by the intrigues of his enemies, is accompanied by ſeveral of his friends and followers, for whom he undertakes to provide by carrying on a predatory war againſt the Moors. In the courſe of their adventures they ſurpriſe the Caſtle of Alcocer, but are ſoon after ſurrounded and beſieged by a ſuperior army. After ſome difference of opinion, the Cid yields to the wiſhes of his followers, and determines upon a ſally, which is ſucceſsful.

THEY fain would ſally forth, but he, the noble Cid,
Accounted it as raſhneſs, and conſtantly forbid.
The fourth week was beginning, the third already paſt,
The Cid and his companions they are now agreed at laſt.
" The water is cut off, the bread is well nigh ſpent,
" To allow us to depart by night the Moors will not conſent.

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" To combat with them in the field our numbers are but few,
" Gentlemen, tell me your minds, what do you think to do?"
Minaya Alvar Fañez anſwer'd him again,
" We are come here from fair Caſtile to live like baniſh'd men.
" There are here ſix hundred of us, beſide ſome nine or ten;
" It is by fighting with the Moors that we have earn'd our bread,
" In the name of God that made us, let nothing more be ſaid,
" Let us ſally forth upon them by the dawn of day."
The Cid replied, "Minaya, I approve of what you ſay,
" You have ſpoken for the beſt, and had done ſo without doubt."
The Moors that were within the town they took and turn'd them out,
That none ſhould know their ſecret; they labour'd all that night,
They were ready for the combat with the morning light.
The Cid was in his armour mounted at their head,
He ſpoke aloud amongſt them, you ſhall hear the words he ſaid:
" We muſt all ſally forth! There cannot a man be ſpared,
" Two footmen only at the gates to cloſe them and keep guard;

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" If we are ſlain in battle, they will bury us here in peace,
" If we ſurvive and conquer, our riches will increaſe.
" And you, Pero Bermuez, the ſtandard you muſt bear,
" Advance it like a valiant man, evenly and fair;
" But do not venture forward before I give command."
Bermuez took the ſtandard, he went and kiſs'd his hand.
The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they ruſh'd,
The outpoſts of the Mooriſh hoſt back to the camp were puſh'd;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was ſuch a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave in ſunder.
There you might ſee the Moors arming themſelves in haſte,
And the two main battles how they were forming faſt;
Horſemen and footmen mix'd, a countleſs troop and vaſt.
The Moors are moving forward, the battle ſoon muſt join,
" My men, ſtand here in order, ranged upon a line!
" Let not a man move from his rank before I give the ſign."

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Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain.
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horſe the rein;
" You ſee yon foremoſt ſquadron there, the thickeſt of the foes,
" Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
" Let him that ſerves and honours it ſhow the duty that he owes."
Earneſtly the Cid call'd out, " For heaven's ſake, be ſtill!"
Bermuez cried, " I cannot hold," ſo eager was his will.
He ſpurr'd his horſe, and drove him on amid the Mooriſh rout;
They ſtrove to win the banner, and compaſs'd him about.
Had not his armour been ſo true he had loſt either life or limb;
The Cid call'd out again, " For heaven's ſake, ſuccour him!"
Their ſhields before their breaſts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the reſt levell'd fair and low;
Their banners and their creſts waving in a row,
Their heads all ſtooping down toward the ſaddle bow.
The Cid was in the midſt, his ſhout was heard afar,
" I am Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar;

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" Strike amongſt them, gentlemen, for ſweet
mercy's ſake!"
There where Bermuez fought amidſt the foe
they brake,
Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant
ſhow:
Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with
every blow;
When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more
lay ſlain,
You might ſee them raiſe their lances and level
them again.
There you might ſee the breaſtplates, how they
were cleft in twain,
And many a Mooriſh ſhield lie ſhatter'd on the
plain.
The pennons that were white mark'd with a
crimſon ſtain,
The horſes running wild whoſe riders had been
ſlain.
The Chriſtians call upon Saint James, the Moors
upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them ſlain on a
little ſpot of ground.
Minaya Alvar Fañez ſmote with all his might,
He went as he was wont, and was foremoſt in
the fight.
There was Galin Garcia, of courage firm and clear,
Felez Munioz, the Cid's own couſin dear;
Antolinez of Burgos, a hardy knight and keen,

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Munio Guſtioz, his pupil that had been.
The Cid on his gilded ſaddle above them all was ſeen.
There was Martin Munioz, that ruled in Montmayor,
There were Alvar Fañez, and Alvar Salvador:
Theſe were the followers of the Cid, with many others more,
In reſcue of Bermuez and the ſtandard that he bore.
Minaya is diſmounted, his courſer has been ſlain,
He fights upon his feet, and ſmites with might and main.
The Cid came all in haſte to help him to horſe again;
He ſaw a Moor well mounted, thereof he was full fain,
Through the girdle at a ſtroke he caſt him to the plain:
He call'd to Minaya Fañez and reach'd him out the rein,
"Mount and ride, Minaya, you are my right hand,
"We ſhall have need of you to-day, theſe Moors will not diſband!"
Minaya leapt upon the horſe, his ſword was in his hand.
Nothing that came near him could reſiſt him or withſtand;

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All that fall within his reach he deſpatches as he goes.
The Cid rode to King Fariz, and ſtruck at him three blows;
The third was far the beſt, it forced the blood to flow:
The ſtream ran from his ſide, and ſtain'd his arms below;
The King caught round the rein and turn'd his back to go,
The Cid has won the battle with that ſingle blow.

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ARGUMENT.

After various ſucceſſes of inferior importance, the Cid undertakes and achieves the conqueſt of the City and Kingdom of Valencia, where he eſtabliſhes himſelf in a ſpecies of ſovereign authority. In the meantime he obtains the favour of the king: this favour, however, is accompanied by a requeſt on the part of the King that the Cid ſhould beſtow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants of Carrion, whoſe family were his old adverſaries; the Cid in reply conſents to place his daughters "at the diſpoſition of the King." The wedding is celebrated at Valencia with the greateſt poſſible ſplendour, and the two young Counts remain at Valencia with their father-in-law: their ſituation, however, is an invidious one; ſome occaſions ariſe in which their courage appears doubtful, and the prudence and authority of the Cid are found inſufficient to ſuppreſs the contemptuous mirth of his military court. Accordingly they enter into the reſolution of leaving Valencia, but determining at the ſame time to execute a project of the baſeſt and moſt unmanly revenge, they requeſt of the Cid to be allowed to take their brides with them upon a journey to Carrion, under pretence of making them acquainted with the property which had been ſettled upon them at their marriage. The Cid is aware that their ſituation is an uneaſy one; he readily conſents, takes leave of them with great cordiality, loads them with preſents, and at their departure beſtows upon them the two celebrated ſwords, Colada and Tiſon. The Infants purſue

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their journey till they arrive in a wilderneſs, where they diſmiſs their followers, and being left alone with their brides, proceed to execute their ſcheme of vengeance by ſtripping them and "mangling them with ſpurs and thongs," till they leave them without ſigns of life: in this ſtate they are found by a relation of the Cid's, Felez Munios, who, ſuſpecting ſome evil deſign, had followed them at a diſtance. They are brought back to Valencia. The Cid demands juſtice. The King aſſembles the Cortes upon the occaſion. The Cid, being called upon to ſtate his grievances, confines himſelf to the claim of the two ſwords which he had given to his ſons-in-law, and which he now demands back ſince they have forfeited their character. The ſwords are reſtored without heſitation, and the Cid immediately beſtows them upon two of his champions. He then riſes again, and upon the ſame plea requires the reſtitution of the gifts and treaſures with which he had honoured his ſons-in-law at parting. This claim is reſiſted by his opponents: the Cortes, however, decide in favour of the Cid, and as the Infants plead their immediate inability, it is determined that the property which they have with them ſhall be taken at an appraiſement. This is accordingly done. The Cid then riſes a third time, and demands ſatisfaction for the inſult which his daughters had ſuffered: an altercation ariſes, in the courſe of which the Infants of Carrion and one of their partiſans are challenged by three champions on the part of the Cid.

* * * * *

WITHIN a little ſpace
There was many a noble courſer
brought into the place,
Many a luſty mule with palfreys ſtout
and ſure,
And many a goodly ſword with all its furniture.

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The Cid received them all at an appraiſement made,
Beſides two hundred marks that to the King were paid:
The Infants give up all they have, their goods are at an end,
They go about in haſte to their kindred and their friend;
They borrow as they can, but all will ſcarce ſuffice;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price:
But as ſoon as this was ended, he began a new device.
" Juſtice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beſeech you of your grace!
" I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
" Let all men preſent in the court attend and judge the caſe,
" Liſten to what theſe Counts have done and pity my diſgrace.
" Diſhonour'd as I am, I cannot be ſo baſe,
" But here, before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
" Say, Infants, how had I deſerved, in earneſt or in jeſt,
" Or on whatever plea you can defend it beſt,
" That you ſhould rend and tear the heartſtrings from my breaſt?
" I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
" I gave you wealth and honours and treaſure at command;

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" Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
" You might have left them with me in honour and reſpect.
" Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
" In the foreſt of Corpes, why did you ſtrip them there?
" Why did you mangle them with whips? Why did you leave them bare
" To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
" The court will hear your anſwer and judge what you have done.
" I ſay, your name and honour henceforth are loſt and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the firſt to riſe:
" We crave your favour, my Lord the King, you are always juſt and wiſe;
" The Cid is come to your Court in ſuch an uncouth guiſe,
" He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
" We are half of us aſtoniſh'd, the other half afraid.
" The blood of the Counts of Carrion is of too high a line
" To take a daughter from his houſe, though it were for a concubine.
" A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid,

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" They could have done no other than leave
them as they did.
" We neither care for what he ſays nor fear
what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid roſe up from his ſeat:
He took his beard in his hand, " If this beard is
fair and even,
" I muſt thank the Lord above, who made both
earth and heaven;
" It has been cheriſh'd with reſpect and there-
fore it has thriven:
" It never ſuffer'd an affront ſince the day it firſt
was worn.
" What buſineſs, Count, have you to ſpeak of it
with ſcorn?
" It never yet was ſhaken, nor pluck'd away nor
torn,
" By Chriſtian nor by Moor, nor by man of wo-
man born,
" As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra
was taken;
" When I was maſter of Cabra that beard of
yours was ſhaken;
" There was never a footboy in my camp but
twitch'd away a bit:
" The ſide that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Ferran Gonzales ſtarted upon the floor,
He cried with a loud voice, " Cid, let us hear
no more,
" Your claim for goods and money was ſatisfied
before:

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" Let not a feud ariſe betwixt our friends and you,
" We are the Counts of Carrion, from them our birth we drew.
" Daughters of Emperors or Kings were a match for our degree,
" We hold ourſelves too good for a baron's ſuch as thee.
" If we abandon'd, as you ſay, and left and gave them o'er,
" We vouch that we did right, and prize ourſelves the more."
The Cid look'd at Bermuez, that was ſitting at his foot;
" Speak thou, Peter the Dumb, what ails thee to ſit mute?
" My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in diſpute.
" Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right.
" If I ſhould riſe to ſpeak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez roſe, ſomewhat he had to ſay,
The words were ſtrangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a ſtop or ſtay:
" Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way,
" You have always ſerved me thus, whenever we have come
" To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
" I cannot help my nature; I never talk nor rail;

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" But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
" Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
" You have been honour'd by the Cid, and favour'd and preferr'd.
" I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
" Do you remember in Valencia the ſkirmiſh and the chaſe?
" You aſk'd leave of the Cid to make the firſt attack:
" You went to meet a Moor, but you ſoon came running back.
" I met the Moor and kill'd him, or he would have kill'd you;
" I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
" Up to this very hour I never ſaid a word.
" You praiſed yourſelf before the Cid, and I ſtood by and heard,
" How you had kill'd the Moor, and done a valiant act,
" And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
" You are tall enough and handſome, but cowardly and weak.
" Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to ſpeak?
" There's the ſtory of the lion ſhould never be forgot.
" Now let us hear, Fernando, what anſwer have you got?

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" The Cid was ſleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
" The cry went forth along the hall, that the lion was unbound,—
" What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
" You ſlunk behind the Cid, and crouch'd beneath his chair.
" We preſt around the throne to ſhield our Lord from harm,
" Till the good Cid awoke; he roſe without alarm;
" He went to meet the lion with his mantle on his arm;
" The lion was abaſh'd the noble Cid to meet,
" He bow'd his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
" The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
" He thruſt him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
" He found his knights, his vaſſals, and all his valiant men;
" He aſk'd for his ſons-in-law, they were neither of them there.
" I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are;
" For the daughters of the Cid you have done them great unright,
" In the wrong that they have ſuffer'd you ſtand diſhonour'd quite.

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" Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
" I hold them worthier far; and here my word I plight,
" Before the King Alfonſo, upon this plea to fight.
" If it be God his will, before the battle part,
" Thou ſhalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
Uproſe Diego Gonzales and anſwer'd as he ſtood:
" By our lineage we are Counts, and of the pureſt blood;
" This match was too unequal, it never could hold good;
" For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret,
" We leave them to lament the chaſtiſement they met.
" It will follow them through life for a ſcandal and a jeſt.
" I ſtand upon this plea to combat with the beſt,
" That having left them as we did, our honour is increaſed."
Uproſe Martin Antolinez when Diego ceaſed:
" Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, Peace!
" The ſtory of the lion ſhould have taught you ſhame at leaſt:
" You ruſh'd out at the door, and ran away ſo hard,
" You fell into the ceſſpool that was open in the yard.

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" We dragg'd you forth in all men's ſight, drip
ping from the drain;
" For ſhame, never wear a mantle, nor a knightly
robe again!
" I fight upon this plea without more ado;
" The daughters of the Cid were worthier far
than you.
" Before the combat part you ſhall avow it true,
" And that you have been a traitor and a coward
too."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt
theſe two.
Aſſur Gonzales was entering at the door
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor;
With his ſauntering pace and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courteſy little heed he took:
He was fluſh'd and hot with breakfaſt and with
drink.
" What ho, my maſters, your ſpirits ſeem to ſink!
" Have we no news ſtirring from the Cid Ruy
Diaz of Bivar?
" Has he been to Riodivirna to beſiege the
windmills there?
" Does he tax the millers for their toll, or is
that practice paſt?
" Will he make a match for his daughters another
like the laſt?"
Munio Guſtioz roſe and made reply:
" Traitor! wilt thou never ceaſe to ſlander and
to lie?

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" You breakfaſt before maſs, you drink before you pray:
" There is no honour in your heart, nor truth in what you ſay;
" You cheat your comrade and your Lord, you flatter to betray:
" Your hatred I deſpiſe, your friendſhip I defy.
" Falſe to all mankind, and moſt to God on high.
" I ſhall force you to confeſs that what I ſay is true."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt theſe two.

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ARGUMENT.

The King ſuppreſſes all further altercation, and declares that thoſe only who have already challenged ſhall be permitted to fight. The time and place are fixed. The Cid being obliged to return to Valencia, leaves his Champions under the protection of the King. The Cid takes leave of the King. At the end of three weeks the combat is fought, and the three Champions of the Cid are victorious.

* * * * *

"I CRAVE your favour, My Lord the King, ſince things are ſettled ſo;
"I have buſineſs at Valencia, and thither I muſt go.
"Before the town was conquer'd it coſt me pains enow."
The King lift up his hand, made a croſs upon his brow:
"I ſwear by St. Iſidro, the patron of Leon,
"In all my realm beſide there is not ſuch a good baron."
The Cid leapt on his ſteed and rode him round the courſe,
He came up to the King and proffer'd him the horſe—

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" 'Tis the noble Babicca that is famed for ſpeed and force,
" Among the Chriſtians nor the Moors there is not ſuch another one;
" My Sovereign Lord and Sire, he is fit for you alone:
" Give orders to your people, and take him for your own."
The King replied, " It cannot be; Cid, you ſhall keep your horſe,
" He muſt not leave his maſter, nor change him for a worſe;
" Our kingdom has been honour'd by you and by your ſteed,
" The man that would take him from you evil may he ſpeed.
" A courſer ſuch as he is fit for ſuch a knight,
" To beat down Moors in battle, and follow them in flight."
Now they have taken leave, and broken up the Court,
The Cid goes with his champions to adviſe them and exhort:
" You, Martin Antolinez, and Pero Bermuez, you,
" And you, Munio Guſtioz, be valiant men and true:
" When I am gone to Valencia let me have good tidings there."
Martin Antolinez replied, " Sir, what needs this care?

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"We are pledged in your behalf, we muſt do our
beſt endeavour;
"You may hear that we are dead but defeated
never."
The Cid was joyful at the words, and quitted them
anon;
He has taken leave of all his friends, and ſhortly he
is gone.
The Cid goes to Valencia, the King to Carrion.
Three weeks had been appointed, and now they are
paſt away,
The champions of the Cid are ready at the day:
They are ready in the field to defend their maſter's
right,
The noble King is with them, to protect them with
his might.
They waited in the place for two days and a night,
Behold the Lords of Carrion where they appear in
ſight:
They are coming with an hoſt of their kindred
and their clan,
With horſes and with arms, and many a valiant
man;
If they could meet with them apart, or take them
unaware,
In diſhonour of the Cid to have ſlain his champions
there.
The thought was foul and evil, but yet they did not
dare,
For fear of the King Alfonſo that had them in his
care.

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That night they watch'd their arms, and paſt the hours in prayer;
The night is paſt and over, the day begins to break;
Great was the throng of folk who, for that battle's ſake,
Flock'd in on every ſide, aſſembled for the fight,
And many a man of arms and many a wealthy knight.
There is the King Alfonſo with all his power and might,
To keep down force and wrong, and to defend the right.
The champions of the Cid are all of good accord,
They are arming themſelves together, like vaſſals of one Lord.
The Infants of Carrion are arming themſelves apart,
Count Garcia ſits adviſing them, and keeps them in good heart.
They bring a plea before the King, and they pretend a right,
That thoſe two trenchant ſwords ſhould not be uſed in fight,
The ſwords Colada and Fizon, which the Cid's champions wore;
They repent of their imprudence when they gave them up before.
They were earneſt in their plea, but they could not ſucceed;
"You might have kept them for yourſelves to ſerve you in your need;

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" If you have other good ones, make uſe of them inſtead.
" Infants of Carrion! Hear me and take heed:
" You muſt approve your honour by ſome manly deed.
" Go forth into the field, and ſhow a valiant heart,
" For nothing will be wanting upon the Champions' part.
" If you are conquerors in the fight you will purchaſe great renown,
" If you are beaten and diſgraced, the fault will be your own,
" For this buſineſs was your ſeeking, as has been ſeen and ſhown."
The Infants of Carrion are beginning to repent;
The Lordſhip of Carrion with its honours and its rent,
Its manſion and its lands, they would have given all,
Could they command the paſt, to redeem it and recal.
The Champions of the Cid, clad in their warlike weed,
The King is gone to ſee them and wiſh them well to ſpeed.
" Sir, we kiſs your hands as our good Lord and ſire,
" To have you judge and umpire is all that we require.
" Defend us in all right, aſſiſt us not in wrong;
" The friends of the Lords of Carrion are numerous and ſtrong,

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" We cannot gueſs their counſels, nor how they will behave.
" To the good Cid, our maſter, the promiſe that you gave,
" To defend us and protect us, this, Sir, is all we crave,
" So long as right and juſtice are found upon our part."
" That will I," ſaid the King, " with all my ſoul and heart."
Their horſes are brought up to them, courſers ſtrong and fleet,
They ſign their ſaddles with the croſs, and leap into the ſeat;
Their ſhields are hanging at their necks with boſſes broad and ſheen,
They take their lances in their hands, the points are bright and keen,
A pennon at each lance, the ſtaves were large and ſtout,
And many a valiant man encompaſs'd them about.
They rode forth to the field where the barriers were ſet out.
The Champions of the Cid are agreed upon their plan,
To fight as they had challenged, and each to charge his man.
There come the Lords of Carrion with their kindred and their clan;
The King has appointed heralds for avoiding all debate,

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He ſpoke aloud amongſt them in the field there where they ſate.
" Infants of Carrion! Attend to what I ſay:
" You ſhould have fought this battle upon a former day,
" When we were at Toledo, but you would not agree;
" And now the noble Cid has ſent theſe Champions three,
" To fight in the lands of Carrion, eſcorted here by me.
" Be valiant in your right, attempt no force or wrong;
" If any man attempt it he ſhall not triumph long:
" He never ſhall have reſt or peace within my kingdom more."
The Infants of Carrion are now repenting ſore;
The heralds and the King are foremoſt in the place,
They clear away the people from the middle ſpace:
They meaſure out the liſts, the barriers they fix:
They point them out in order, and explain to all the ſix:
" If you are forced beyond the line where they are fixt and traced,
" You ſhall be held as conquer'd, and beaten and diſgraced."
Six lances' length on either ſide an open ſpace is laid,
They ſhare the field between them, the ſunſhine and the ſhade.

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Their office is perform'd, and from the middle
ſpace,
The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face
to face.
Here ſtood the warriors of the Cid, that noble
champion,
Oppoſite on the other ſide, the Lords of Carrion.
Earneſtly their minds are fixt each upon his foe;
Face to face they take their place; anon the
trumpets blow.
They ſtir their horſes with the ſpur, they lay their
lances low,
They bend their ſhields before their breaſts, their
face to the ſaddle bow.
Earneſtly their minds are fixt each upon his foe.
The heavens are overcaſt above, the earth
trembles below,
The people ſtand in ſilence, gazing on the ſhow:
Bermuez the firſt challenger firſt in combat cloſed,
He met Ferran Gonzales, face to face oppoſed;
They ruſh together with ſuch rage that all men
count them dead,
They ſtrike each other on the ſhield, without all
fear or dread.
Ferran Gonzales with his lance pierced the ſhield
outright,
It paſt Bermuez on the left ſide, in his fleſh it
did not bite.
The ſpear was ſnapt in twain, Bermuez at
upright

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He neither flinch'd nor ſwerved, like a true ſtedfaſt knight.
A good ſtroke he received, but a better he has given;
He ſtruck the ſhield upon the boſs, in ſunder it is riven,
Onward into Ferran's breaſt the lance's point is driven,
Full upon his breaſtplate, nothing would avail;
Two breaſtplates Fernando wore and a coat of mail:
The two are riven in ſunder, the third ſtood him in ſtead,
The mail ſunk in his breaſt, the mail and the ſpear head,
The blood burſt from his mouth that all men thought him dead.
The blow has broken his girdle and his ſaddle girth,
It has taken him over his horſe's back, and borne him to the earth.
The people think him dead as he lies on the ſand;
Bermuez left his lance and took his ſword in hand.
Ferran Gonzales knew the blade which he had worn of old,
Before the blow came down, he yielded and cried, "hold!"
Antolinez and Diego encounter'd man for man,
Their ſpears were ſhiver'd with the ſhock, ſo eagerly they ran.

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Antolinez drew forth the blade which Diego once had worn,
Eagerly he aim'd the blow for the vengeance he had ſworn.
Right through Diego's helm the blade its edge has borne,
The creſt and helm are lopt away, the coif and hair are ſhorn.
He ſtood aſtounded with the ſtroke, trembling and forlorn,
He waved his ſword above his head, he made a piteous cry,
"O ſave me, ſave me from that blade, Almighty Lord on high!"
Antolinez came fiercely on to reach the fatal ſtroke,
Diego's courſer rear'd upright, and through the barrier broke.
Antolinez has won the day, though his blow he miſs'd,
He has driven Diego from the field, and ſtands within the liſt.
I muſt tell you of Munio Guſtioz, two combats now are done;
How he fought with Aſſur Gonzales, you ſhall hear anon.
Aſſur Gonzales, a fierce and hardy knight,
He rode at Munio Guſtioz with all his force and might;
He ſtruck the ſhield and pierced it through, but the point came wide,

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It paſs'd by Munio Guſtioz, betwixt his arm and ſide :
Sternly, like a practiſed knight, Munio met him there.
His lance he levell'd ſteadfaſtly, and through the ſhield him bare ;
He bore the point into his breaſt, a little beſide the heart ;
It took him through the body, but in no mortal part ;
The ſhaft ſtood out behind his back a cloth-yard and more ;
The pennon and the point were dripping down with gore.
Munio ſtill clench'd his ſpear, as he paſs'd he forced it round,
He wrench'd him from the ſaddle, and caſt him to the ground.
His horſe ſprung forward with the ſpur, he pluck'd the ſpear away,
He wheel'd and came again to pierce him where he lay.
Then cried Gonzalo Aſurez, " For God's ſake ſpare my Son !
" The other two have yielded, the field is fought and won."*

* " Part of the ſtory of the Lords of Carrion, in the " poem of the Cid, has been tranſlated by Mr. Frere in a " manner above all praiſe."—MACAULAY, *Lays of Ancient Rome*, 1842, Preface, p. 36.

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ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY.

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"Againſt this warlike prince (Athelſtan) a confederacy "was formed by the Britons who occupied the weſtern "coaſt, by the Scots, and by the Daniſh inhabitants of the "eaſtern coaſt from the Thames to the Tweed, aided by "adventurers of the ſame race from Ireland, and by crowds "of freebooters from Scandinavia. Theſe he completely "routed at a place called Brunnanburgh, of which the "ſituation is unknown. His victory was celebrated in an "Anglo-Saxon poem, ſtill extant, the earlieſt of the few "metrical materials for Engliſh hiſtory; the remembrance "of which has been preſerved by the renown of the battle "in the legends of the defeated Scandinavians. By the "Saxon annaliſts it was adopted as a literal ſtatement of "fact; and Latin verſions of it were inſcribed in the "writings of the Anglo-Norman hiſtorians. A tranſlation "made by a ſchoolboy in the eighteenth century into the "Engliſh of the fourteenth, is a double imitation, un-"matched perhaps in literary hiſtory; in which the author "gave an earneſt of that faculty of catching the peculiar "genius, and preſerving the characteriſtic manner of his "original, which, though the ſpecimens of it are too few, "places him alone among Engliſh tranſlators."—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, *Hiſtory of England* (Lond. 1853), vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

"I have only met, in my reſearches into theſe matters, "with one poem which, if it had been produced as "ancient, could not have been detected on internal "evidence. It is the War-Song upon the Victory at "Brunnanburg, tranſlated from the Anglo-Saxon into "Anglo-Norman by the Right Hon. John Hookham "Frere. The accompliſhed Editor [Ellis] tells us, that "this very ſingular poem was intended as an imitation of "the ſtyle and language of the fourteenth century, and "was written during the controverſy occaſioned by the "poems attributed to Rowley. Mr. Ellis adds: 'The "'reader will probably hear with ſome ſurpriſe, that this "'ſingular inſtance of critical ingenuity was the compoſition "'of an Eton ſchoolboy.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Eſſay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad* (1830).

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METRICAL VERSION OF AN ODE ON ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY.

*From the Saxon.**

THE mightieſt of alle manne,
Was the gude kinge Athelſtan,
Alle his knytis to hir medis
Weren riche and ryal wedis.
Edmond his brother, was a Knyt
Comelich, brave, and fair to ſyht.
At Bruñenbruc in ſtour they faught;
Fiercer fray was never wraught.
Maille was ſplit, and helmis roven,
The wall of ſhieldis down they cloven:
The Thanis which cold with Edmond fare
To meet the fomen well were yare.
For it was comen to hem of kynde
Hir londis and treſoúrs to fend.

---

* [ELLIS' *Specimens of Engliſh Poetry*, Lond. 1801, vol. i. pp. 32—34. For the original ſee ELLIS, *ubi ſuprà*, pp. 14—31.]

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The Kempis, whych was of Irlond,
On ilka daie, on ilka ſtrond,
Weted with blude, and wounded, fell
Rapely ſmatin with the ſtell.
Griſlich on the grund they groned;
Aboven, alle the hyls reſounéd.
What for laboúr, and what for hete,
The Kempis ſwate til they wer wete.
From morrow til the cloſe of day,
Was the tyme of that journée.

Monie mon from Dacie ſprong
The deth tholid, I underfong.
The Scottis fell in that bataille,
Whyche wer forwerid of travaille.
The Weſt Saxonis wer ware,
When their foen away wold fare;
As they fled they did hem ſewe
Wyth ghazand ſwerdis, that wel couth hew.
The cokins they n' olden ſtaie,
For thir douten of that fraye.
The Mercians fought, I underſtond;
There was gamen of the hond.
Alle that with Anlaff hir way nom,
Over the ſeas in the ſhippes wome,
And the five ſonnes of the kynge,
Fel mid dint of ſwerd-fightinge.
His ſeven erlis died alſwo;
Many Scottes wer killed tho.
The Normannes, for their migty boſt,

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Went hame with a lytyl hoſt,
The Kynge and frode ſyked ſore
For hir kempis whyche wer forlore.
The Kynge and frode to ſchyppe gan flee,
Wyth mickel haſte, but hir meguie.
Conſtantine gude, and Anlaff,
Lytyl boſt hadde of the laif.
Maie he nat gloſen, ne ſaie
But he was right wel appaie.
In Dacie of that gaming
Monie wemen hir hondis wring.
The Normannes paſſed that rivere,
Mid hevy hart, and ſory chere.
The brothers to Weſſex yode;
Leving the crowen, and the tode,
Hawkes, doggis, and wolves tho;
Egles, and monie other mo,
With the ded men for their mede
On hir corſes for to fede.

Sen the Saxonis firſt come
In ſchippes over the ſea-fome,
Of the yeres that ben forgone,
Greater bataile was never none.

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CANNING.*

WHILE ſiſter arts in rivalry combine
For CANNING's honour—Sculpture and Deſign—
Verſe claims her portion; a memorial line
Such as he loved; and fitteſt to rehearſe
His merit and his praiſes—Truth in verſe.
The pride of Honour, and the love of Truth,
Adorn'd his age, and dignified his youth.
Approved through life, and tried with every teſt,
In power, in favour, in diſgrace, confeſt
The firſt of his coevals, and the beſt.
Ever the ſame, with wit correctly pure,
Reaſon miraculouſly premature;
Vivid imagination ever new,
Deciſion inſtantaneouſly true,
An eager and precipitated power
Of haſty thought, outſtripping in an hour
What tardier wits with toil of many a day
Poliſh'd to leſs perfection by delay.—

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* Printed in the *John Bull* Newſpaper, April, 9, 1842.

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By nature gifted with a power and ſkill
To charm the heart, and ſubjugate the will:—
Born with an ancient name of little worth,
And diſinherited before his birth;
A landleſs orphan—rank and wealth and pride
Were freely ranged around him; nor denied
His clear precedence, and the warrant given
Of nobler rank—ſtamp'd by the hand of Heaven
In every form of genius and of grace,
In loftineſs of thought, figure, and face.
Such CANNING was: and half a century paſt,
Such all the world beheld him to the laſt:
Admired of all, and by the beſt approved,
By thoſe who beſt had known him beſt beloved;
His Sovereign's ſupport, the people's choice,
When Europe's balance trembled on the poiſe,
Call'd to command by their united voice;
Fate ſnatch'd him from the applauding world; the firſt
Omen of Europe's danger, and the worſt.

Malta, 1827.

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANTIJACOBIN.

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THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

IN FORTY CANTOS, WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY: CHIEFLY OF A PHILOSOPHICAL TENDENCY.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

CANTO FIRST.

CONTENTS.

The Subject propoſed. Doubts and Waverings. Queries not to be anſwered. Formation of the ſtupendous Whole. Coſmogony; or the Creation of the World: the Devil—Man —Various Claſſes of Being: ANIMATED BEINGS—*Birds—Fiſh—Beaſts—the Influence of the Sexual Appetite—on Tigers —on Whales—on Crimpt Cod—on Perch—on Shrimps—on Oyſters. Various Stations aſſigned to different Animals: Birds—Bears—Mackarel. Bears remarkable for their fur. Mackarel cried on a Sunday. Birds do not graze—nor Fiſhes fly—nor Beaſts live in the Water. Plants equally contented with their lot: Potato—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers.* MAN *only diſcontented—born a Savage; not chooſing to continue ſo, becomes poliſhed—reſigns his*

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*Liberty—Prieſt-craft—King-craft—Tyranny of Laws and Inſtitutions. Savage Life—deſcription thereof: The Savage free—roaming Woods—feeds on Hips and Haws—Animal Food—firſt notion of it from ſeeing a Tiger tearing his Prey—wonders if it is good—reſolves to try—makes a Bow and Arrow—kills a Pig—reſolves to roaſt a part of it—lights a Fire—*APOSTROPHE *to Fires—Spits and Jacks not yet invented. Digreſſion.* CORINTH—SHEFFIELD. *Love the moſt natural deſire after Food. Savage Courtſhip. Concubinage recommended. Satirical Reflexions on Parents and Children—Huſbands and Wives—againſt collateral Conſanguinity.* FREEDOM *the only Morality, &c. &c. &c.*

WHETHER ſome great, ſupreme o'erruling Power
Stretch'd forth its arm at nature's natal hour,
Compoſed this mighty whole with plaſtic ſkill,[1]
Wielding the jarring elements at will?
Or whether ſprung from Chaos' mingling ſtorm,
The maſs of matter ſtarted into form?

[1] A modern author of great penetration and judgment, obſerves very ſhrewdly, that, "the Coſmogony of the "world, has puzzled the philoſophers of all ages. What "a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the "creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Beroſus, "and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. "The latter has theſe words—*Anarchon ara kai ateleutaion "to pan*—which imply, that, all things have neither begin-"ning nor end." See Goldſmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" ſee alſo Mr. Knight's Poem on the "Progreſs of Civil "Society."

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Or Chance o'er earth's green lap ſpontaneous fling
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of ſpring?
Whether material ſubſtance unrefined,
Owns the ſtrong impulſe of inſtinctive mind,
Which to one centre points diverging lines,
Confounds, refracts, invigorates, and combines?[1]
Whether the joys of earth, the hopes of heaven,
By Man to God, or God to Man, were given?[2]
If virtue leads to bliſs, or vice to woe?
Who rules above? or who reſide below?[3]
Vain queſtions all—ſhall Man preſume to know?
On all theſe points, and points obſcure as theſe,
Think they who will,—and think whate'er they
pleaſe!

Let us a plainer, ſteadier theme purſue—
Mark the grim ſavage ſcoop his light canoe;
Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,
With anxious fondneſs feed her cawing young.—
Mark the fell leopard through the deſert prowl,
Fiſh prey on fiſh, and fowl regale on fowl;

---

[1] The influence of Mind upon Matter, comprehending the whole queſtion of the Exiſtence of Mind as independent of Matter, or as co-exiſtent with it, and of Matter conſidered as an intelligent and ſelf-dependent Eſſence, will make the ſubject of a larger Poem in 127 Books, now preparing under the *ſame* auſpices.

[2] See Godwin's "Enquirer;" Darwin's "Zoonomia;" Paine; Prieſtley, &c. &c. &c.; alſo all the French Encyclopediſts.

[3] *Quæſtio ſpinoſa et contortula.*

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How Lybian tigers' chawdrons[1] love aſſails,
And warms, midſt ſeas of ice, the melting whales:[2]—
Cools the crimpt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks ſhrivell'd ſhrimps, but opens oyſters' hearts;[3]—
They ſay, how all theſe things together tend
To one great truth, prime object, and good end?
Firſt—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, ſome part, ſome ſtation is aſſign'd.
The feather'd race[4] with pinions ſkim the *air*—
Not ſo the mackarel,[5] and ſtill leſs the bear:
This roams the *wood*,[6] carnivorous, for his prey;
That with ſoft roe,[7] purſues his *watery* way:—
This ſlain by hunters yields his ſhaggy hide;[8]
That, caught by fiſhers, is on *Sundays* cried.[9]—

---

[1] "Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."—*Macbeth.*

[2] "In ſofter notes bids Lybian lions roar,
"And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen ſhore."
Progreſs of Civil Society, Book I. ver. 98.

[3] "An oyſter may be croſs'd in love."—Mr. Sheridan's "Critic."

[4] Birds fly.

[5] But neither fiſh, nor beaſts—particularly as here exemplified.

[6] The bear.

[7] The mackarel—There are alſo *hard-roed* mackarel. *Sed de his alio loco.*

[8] Bear's *greaſe*, or *fat*, is alſo in great requeſt; being ſuppoſed to have a *criniparous*, or hair-producing quality.

[9] There is a ſpecial Act of Parliament which permits mackarel to be cried on Sundays.

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But each contented with his humble ſphere,[1]
Moves unambitious through the circling year;
Nor e'er forgets the fortune of his race,
Nor pines to quit, or ſtrives to change his place.
Ah! who has ſeen the mailed lobſter riſe,
Clap her broad wings, and ſoaring claim the ſkies?
When did the owl, deſcending from her bower,
Crop, 'midſt the fleecy flocks, the tender flower;
Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
In the ſalt wave,[2] and fiſh-like ſtrive to ſwim?

The ſame with plants[3]—potatoes 'tatoes breed[4]—
Uncoſtly cabbage ſprings from cabbage ſeed;
Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks ſucceed;
Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers preſume
To flower-like myrtle, or like violets bloom.
—Man, only,—raſh, refined, preſumptuous Man,
Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.

---

[1] Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contraſt to man, who is always diſcontented.

[2] *Salt wave*—wave of the ſea—"*briny wave.*"—Poetæ paſſim.

[3] A ſtill ſtronger contraſt, and a greater ſhame to man, is found in plants;—they are contented—he reſtleſs and changing. *Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete eſt.*

[4] *Potatoes 'tatoes breed.* Eliſion for the ſake of verſe, not meant to imply that the root degenerates. Not ſo with Man—

Mox daturus
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

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Born the free heir of nature's wide domain,
To art's ſtrict limits bounds his narrow'd reign;
Reſigns his native rights for meaner things,
For Faith and Fetters—Laws, and Prieſts, and Kings.

THE Specimen of the Poem on "the Progreſs of Man," with which we favoured our Readers in our laſt Number, has occaſioned a variety of letters, which we confeſs have not a little ſurpriſed us, from the unfounded and even contradictory charges they contain. In one, we are accuſed of malevolence, in bringing back to notice a work that had been quietly conſigned to oblivion;—in another, of plagiariſm, in copying its moſt beautiful paſſages;—in a third, of vanity, in ſtriving to imitate what was in itſelf inimitable, &c. &c. But why this alarm? has the author of the *Progreſs of Civil Society* an excluſive patent for fabricating *Didactic* poems? or can we not write againſt order and government, without incurring the guilt of imitation? We truſt we were not ſo ignorant of the nature of a didactic poem (ſo called from *didaſkein*, to teach, and *poema*, a poem; becauſe it teaches nothing, and is not poetical) even before the *Progreſs of*

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Civil Society appeared, but that we were capable of ſuch an undertaking.

We ſhall only ſay further, that we do not intend to proceed regularly with our poem; but having the remaining thirty-nine Cantos by us, ſhall content ourſelves with giving, from time to time, ſuch extracts as may happen to ſuit our purpoſe.

The following paſſage, which, as the Reader will ſee by turning to the Contents prefixed to the head of the Poem, is part of the Firſt Canto, contains ſo happy a deduction of Man's preſent ſtate of depravity, from the firſt ſlips and failings of his original ſtate, and inculcates ſo forcibly the miſchievous conſequences of *ſocial* or *civilized*, as oppoſed to *natural* ſociety, that no dread of imputed imitation can prevent us from giving it to our Readers.

LO! the rude ſavage, free from civil ſtrife[1]
Keeps the ſmooth tenour of his guiltleſs life;[2]
Reſtrain'd by none, ſave Nature's lenient laws,
Quaffs the clear ſtream, and feeds on hips and haws.
Light to his daily ſports behold him riſe!
The bloodleſs banquet health and ſtrength ſupplies.

[1] Simple ſtate of ſavage life—previous to the paſtoral, or even the hunter ſtate.

[2] Firſt ſavages diſciples of Pythagoras.

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Bloodleſs not long—one morn he haps to ſtray[1]
Thro' the lone wood—and cloſe beſide the way
Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey;
Beneath whoſe gory fangs a leveret bleeds,
Or pig—ſuch pig as fertile China breeds.[2]

Struck with the ſight the wond'ring Savage ſtands,
Rolls his broad eyes, and claſps his lifted hands;
Then reſtleſs roams—and loathes his wonted food;
Shuns the ſalubrious ſtream, and thirſts for blood.

By thought matured, and quicken'd by deſire,[3]
New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
From the tough yew a ſlender branch he tears,
With ſelf-taught ſkill the twiſted graſs prepares;[4]
The unfaſhion'd bow with labouring efforts bends
In circling form, and joins the unwilling ends.
Next ſome tall reed he ſeeks—with ſharp-edged ſtone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone.[5]

---

[1] Deſire of animal food natural only to beaſts, or to man in a ſtate of civilized ſociety. Firſt ſuggeſted by the circumſtance here related.

[2] Pigs of the Chineſe breed moſt in requeſt.

[3] Firſt formation of a bow. Introduction to the ſcience of archery.

[4] Graſs twiſted, uſed for a ſtring, owing to the want of other materials not yet invented.

[5] Bone—fiſh's bone found on the ſea-ſhore, ſhark's teeth, &c. &c.

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Then forth he fares. Around in careleſs play,
Kids, pigs, and lambkins unſuſpecting ſtray.
With grim delight he views the ſportive band,
Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand:
Twangs the bent bow—reſounds the fateful dart,
Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah! hapleſs porker! what can now avail[1]
Thy back's ſtiff briſtles, or thy curly tail?
Ah! what avail thoſe eyes ſo ſmall and round,
Long pendant ears, and ſnout that loves the ground?[2]

Not unrevenged thou dieſt!—In after times[3]
From thy ſpilt blood ſhall ſpring unnumber'd crimes.
Soon ſhall the ſlaughterous arms that wrought thy woe,
Improved by malice, deal a deadlier blow;
When *ſocial* Man[4] ſhall pant for nobler game,
And 'gainſt his fellow man the vengeful weapon aim.

---

[1] Ah! what avails, &c.—See Pope's Deſcription of the Death of a Pheaſant.

[2] "With leaden eye that loves the ground."

[3] The firſt effuſion of blood attended with the moſt dreadful conſequences to mankind.

[4] *Social* Man's wickedneſs oppoſed to the ſimplicity of ſavage life.

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As love, as gold, as jealouſy inſpires
As wrathful hate, or wild ambition fires,[1]
Urged by the ſtateſman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
Embattled nations endleſs wars ſhall wage,
Vaſt ſeas of blood the ravaged field ſhall ſtain,
And millions periſh, that a *King* may reign!

For blood once ſhed, new wants and wiſhes riſe;
Each riſing want invention quick ſupplies.
To roaſt his victuals is Man's next deſire,
So two dry ſticks he rubs, and lights a fire;[2]
Hail fire, &c. &c.

---

[1] Different cauſes of war among men.

[2] Invention of fire—firſt employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry ſticks together.

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WE premiſed in our Sixteenth Number, that though we ſhould not proceed regularly with the publication of the Didactic Poem, the PROGRESS OF MAN,—a work which, indeed, both from its bulk, and the erudite nature of the ſubject, would hardly ſuit with the purpoſes of a Weekly Paper;—we ſhould, nevertheleſs, give, from time to time, ſuch extracts from it, as we thought were likely to be uſeful to our Readers, and as were in any degree connected with the topics or events of the times.

The following Extract is from the 23rd Canto of this admirable and inſtructive Poem;—in which the Author (whom, by a ſeries of accidents, which we have neither the ſpace, nor indeed the liberty, to enumerate at preſent, we have diſcovered to be Mr. HIGGINS, of *St. Mary Axe*), deſcribes the vicious refinement of what is called Civilized Society, in reſpect to Marriage; contends with infinite ſpirit and philoſophy againſt the factitious ſacredneſs and indiſſolubility of

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that inſtitution; and paints in glowing colours the happineſs and utility (in a moral as well as political view) of an arrangement of an oppoſite ſort, ſuch as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unſophiſticated nature.

In illuſtration of his principles upon this ſubject, the Author alludes to a popular production of the German Drama, the title of which is the "REFORMED HOUSEKEEPER," which he expreſſes a hope of ſeeing transfuſed into the language of this country.

CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE *being indiſſoluble, the courſe of its being ſo often unhappy. Nature's Laws not conſulted in this point. Civilized Nations miſtaken.* OTAHEITE — *Happineſs of the Natives thereof—Viſited by Captain Cook, in his Majeſty's Ship Endeavour—Character of Captain Cook. Addreſs to Circumnavigation. Deſcription of his Majeſty's Ship Endeavour—Maſt, Rigging, Sea-ſickneſs, Prow, Poop, Meſs-room, Surgeon's Mate—Hiſtory of one. Epiſode concerning Naval Chirurgery. Catching a Thunny Fiſh. Arrival at Otaheite. Caſt Anchor—Land—Natives aſtoniſhed. Love—Liberty—Moral—Natural—Religious—Contraſted with European Manners—Strictneſs—Licence—Doctor's Commons*

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—Diſſolubility of MARRIAGE *recommended—Illuſtrated by a Game at Cards—Whiſt—Cribbage—Partners changed—Why not the ſame in Marriage? Illuſtrated by a River. Love free. Prieſts, Kings. German Drama.—*KOTZEBUE'S *"Houſekeeper Reformed." Moral Employments of Houſekeeping deſcribed. Hottentots ſit and ſtare at each other—Query* WHY! *Addreſs to the Hottentots. Hiſtory of the Cape of Good Hope.* Reſumé *of the Arguments againſt Marriage. Concluſion.*

EXTRACT.

HAIL! beauteous lands[1] that crown the Southern Seas;
Dear happy ſeats of Liberty and Eaſe!
Hail! whoſe green coaſts the peaceful ocean laves,
Inceſſant waſhing with his watery waves!
Delicious iſlands! to whoſe envied ſhore
Thee, gallant Cook! the ſhip Endeavour[2] bore.

There laughs the ſky, there zephyr's frolic train,
And light-wing'd loves, and blameleſs pleaſures reign:

[1] The ceremony of invocation (in Didactic Poems eſpecially) is in ſome meaſure analogous to the cuſtom of drinking toaſts: the corporeal repreſentatives of which are always ſuppoſed to be abſent, and unconſcious of the irrigation beſtowed upon their names. Hence it is, that our Author addreſſes himſelf to the natives of an iſland who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not underſtand him.

[2] His Majeſty's ſhip Endeavour.

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There, when two ſouls congenial ties unite,
No hireling *Bonzes* chant the myſtic rite;
Free every thought, each action unconfined,
And light thoſe fetters which no rivets bind.

There in each grove, each ſloping bank along,
And flowers and ſhrubs and odorous herbs among,
Each ſhepherd[1] claſp'd, with undiſguiſed delight,
His yielding fair one,—in the Captain's ſight;
Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
Preferr'd new lovers to her ſylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whoſe free aſpiring mind
Europe's cold laws,[2] and colder cuſtoms[3] bind—
O! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
What Otaheite[4] is, let Britain be!

* * * * *

[1] In juſtice to our author we muſt obſerve, that there is a delicacy in this picture, which the words, in their common acceptation, do not convey. The amours of an Engliſh ſhepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage (which is contrary to our Author's principles), or they might diſguſt us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otaheite, where the place of ſhepherd is a perfect ſinecure (there being no ſheep on the iſland) the mind of the reader is not offended by any diſagreeable alluſion.

[2] Laws made by Parliaments, or Kings.

[3] Cuſtoms voted or impoſed by ditto, not the cuſtoms here alluded to.

[4] M. Bailly and other aſtronomers have obſerved, that

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Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark the amuſing
game—
The partners *changing*, but the SPORT the *ſame*.
Elſe would the Gameſter's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and ſtagnant every pool.
—Yet muſt *one*[1] Man, with one unceaſing Wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.

Yes! human laws, and laws eſteem'd divine,
The generous paſſion ſtraiten and confine;
And, as a ſtream, when art conſtrains its courſe,[2]
Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
So, Paſſion narrow'd to one channel ſmall,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
—For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings,
When uncontroll'd by Prieſtcraft or by Kings.

---

in conſequence of the varying obliquity of the Ecliptic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical climates may, in proceſs of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by theſe means Britain may ever become a ſmall iſland in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verſe—the ſimilarity here propoſed, relates to manners, not to local ſituation.

[1] The word *one* here, means all the inhabitants of Europe (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience), not any particular individual. The Author begs leave to diſclaim every alluſion that can be conſtrued as perſonal.

[2] As a ſtream—ſimile of diſſimilitude, a mode of illuſtration familiar to the ancients.

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Such the ſtrict rules that, in theſe barbarous climes,
Choke youth's fair flowers, and feelings turn to crimes:
And people every walk of poliſh'd life,[1]
With that two-headed monſter, MAN and WIFE.

Yet bright examples ſometimes we obſerve,
Which from the general practice ſeem to ſwerve;
Such as preſented to Germania's[2] view,
A Kotzebue's bold emphatic pencil drew;
Such as tranſlated in ſome future age,
Shall add new glories to the Britiſh ſtage;
—While the moved audience ſit in dumb deſpair
"Like Hottentots,[3] *and at each other ſtare.*"

With look ſedate, and ſtaid beyond her years,
In matron weeds a *Houſekeeper* appears.
The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
Her 'kerchief colour'd, and her apron *check.*
Can that be Adelaide, that "ſoul of whim,"
Reform'd in practice, and in manner prim?

---

[1] Walks of poliſhed life, ſee "Kenſington Gardens," a poem.

[2] Germania—Germany; a country in Europe, peopled by the Germani; alluded to in Cæſar's Commentaries, page 1. Vol. 2. edit. prin.—See alſo ſeveral Didactic Poems.

[3] A beautiful figure of German literature. The Hottentots remarkable for ſtaring at each other—God knows why.

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—On houſehold cares intent,[1] with many a ſigh
She turns the pancake, and ſhe moulds the pie;
Melts into ſauces rich the ſavoury ham;
From the cruſh'd berry ſtrains the lucid jam;
Bids brandied cherries,[2] by infuſion flow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
Sole cordial of her heart, ſole ſolace of her woe!
While ſtill, reſponſive to each mournful moan,
The ſaucepan ſimmers in a ſofter tone.

* * * * *

---

[1] This delightful and inſtructive picture of domeſtic life, is recommended to all keepers of Boarding Schools, and other ſeminaries of the ſame nature.

[2] It is a ſingular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immerſed.—*See Knight's Progreſs of Civil Society.*

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THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

WE cannot better explain to our Readers the deſign of the Poem from which the following Extracts are taken, than by borrowing the expreſſions of the Author, Mr. HIGGINS, of *St. Mary Axe*, in the letter which accompanied the manuſcript.

We muſt premiſe, that we had found ourſelves called upon to remonſtrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of ſome of the poſitions laid down in his other Didactic Poem, the PROGRESS OF MAN; and had in the courſe of our remonſtrance, hinted ſomething to the diſadvantage of the *new principles* which are now afloat in the world; and which are, in our opinion, working to much prejudice to the happineſs of mankind. To this, Mr. H. takes occaſion to reply—

"What you call the *new principles*, are, in fact, "nothing leſs than *new*. They are the prin- "ciples of primeval nature, the ſyſtem of original "and unadulterated man.

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" If you mean by my addiction to *new prin-*
" *ciples*, that the object which I have in view in
" my larger Work (meaning the PROGRESS OF
" MAN) and in the ſeveral other *concomitant* and
" *ſubſidiary* Didactic Poems which are neceſſary
" to complete my plan, is to reſtore this firſt, and
" pure ſimplicity; to reſcue and recover the in-
" tereſting nakedneſs of human nature, by ridding
" her of the cumbrous eſtabliſhments which the
" folly, and pride, and ſelf-intereſt of the worſt
" part of our ſpecies have heaped upon her;—
" you are right.—Such is my object. I do not
" diſavow it. Nor is it mine alone. There are
" abundance of abler hands at work upon it. *En-*
" *cyclopedias*, *Treatiſes*, *Novels*, *Magazines*, *Re-*
" *views*, and *New Annual Regiſters*, have, as you
" are well aware, done their part with activity,
" and with effect. It remained to bring the *heavy*
" artillery of a Didactic Poem, to bear upon the
" ſame object.

" If I have ſelected your Paper as the channel
" for conveying my labours to the Public, it was
" not becauſe I was unaware of the hoſtility of
" your principles to mine, of the bigotry of your
" attachment to 'things as they are:'—but be-
" cauſe, I will fairly own, I found ſome ſort of
" cover and diſguiſe neceſſary for ſecuring the fa-
" vorable reception of my ſentiments; the uſual
" pretexts of humanity and philanthropy, and fine
" feeling, by which we have for ſome time ob-

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" tained a paſſport to the hearts and underſtand-
" ings of men, being now worn out, or exploded.
" I could not chooſe but ſmile at my ſucceſs in
" the firſt inſtance in inducing *you* to adopt my
" Poem as your own.

" But you have called for an explanation of
" theſe principles of ours, and you have a right
" to obtain it. Our firſt principle is, then—the
" reverſe of the trite and dull maxim of Pope—
" '*Whatever is, is right.*' We contend, that
" '*Whatever is, is wrong:*'—that Inſtitutions
" civil and religious, that Social Order, (as it is
" called in *your* cant) and regular Government,
" and Law, and I know not what other fantaſtic
" inventions, are but ſo many cramps and fetters
" on the free agency of man's *natural intellect* and
" *moral ſenſibility;* ſo many badges of his degra-
" dation from the primal purity and excellence of
" his nature.

" Our ſecond principle is the '*eternal and ab-
" ſolute Perfectibility of Man.*' We contend, that
" if, as is demonſtrable, we have riſen from a
" level with the *cabbages of the field* to our preſent
" comparatively intelligent and dignified ſtate of
" exiſtence, by the mere exertion of our own
" *energies;* we ſhould, if theſe *energies* were not
" repreſſed and ſubdued by the operation of pre-
" judice, and folly, by KING-CRAFT and PRIEST-
" CRAFT, and the other evils incident to what
" is called Civilized Society, continue to exert

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" and expand ourſelves in a proportion infinitely " greater than any thing of which we yet have " any notion: in a *ratio* hardly capable of being " calculated by any ſcience of which we are now " maſters; but which would in time raiſe Man " from his preſent biped ſtate to a rank more " worthy of his endowments and aſpirations; to " a rank in which he would be, as it were, *all* " MIND; would enjoy unclouded perſpicacity " and perpetual vitality; feed on *Oxygene*, and " never die, but *by his own conſent.*

" But though the Poem of the PROGRESS OF " MAN, alone would be ſufficient to teach this " ſyſtem, and enforce theſe doctrines; the whole " practical effect of them cannot be expected to be " produced, but by the gradual perfecting of each " of the ſublimer ſciences;—at the huſk and ſhell " of which we are now nibbling, and at the kernel " whereof, in our preſent ſtate, we cannot hope " to arrive. Theſe ſeveral Sciences will be the " ſubjects of the ſeveral *auxiliary* DIDACTIC " POEMS which I have now in hand (one of " which, entitled THE LOVES OF THE TRI- " ANGLES, I herewith tranſmit to you) and for " the better arrangement and execution of which, " I beſeech you to direct your Bookſeller to fur- " niſh me with a handſome Chambers's Dic- " tionary; in order that I may be enabled to go " through the ſeveral articles alphabetically, be- " ginning with *Abracadabra*, under the firſt letter,

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" and going down to *Zodiac*, which is to be " found under the laſt.

" I am perſuaded that there is no Science, " however abſtruſe, nay, no Trade or Manu- " facture, which may not be taught by a Didactic " Poem. In that before you, an attempt is made " (not unſucceſsfully I hope) to *enliſt the Imagi-* " *nation under the banners of Geometry. Botany* I " found done to my hands. And though the more " rigid and unbending ſtiffneſs of a mathematical " ſubject does not admit of the ſame appeals to " the warmer paſſions, which naturally ariſe out " of the *ſexual* (or, as I have heard ſeveral worthy " Gentlewomen of my acquaintance, who delight " much in the Poem to which I allude, term it, " by a ſlight miſnomer no way difficult to be " accounted for—the *ſenſual*) ſyſtem of Linnæus; " —yet I truſt that the range and variety of " illuſtration with which I have endeavoured to " ornament and enlighten the arid truths of " Euclid and Algebra, will be found to have " ſmoothed the road of Demonſtration, to have " ſoftened the rugged features of Elementary " Propoſitions, and, as it were, to have ſtrewed " the *Aſſes' Bridge* with flowers."

Such is the account which Mr. HIGGINS gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the ſame ſanguine perſuaſion of the *abſolute perfectibility* of our ſpecies, and are in truth

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liable to the imputation of being more ſatisfied with *things as they are*, than Mr. HIGGINS and his Aſſociates;—yet, as we are in at leaſt the ſame proportion, leſs convinced of the practical influence of Didactic Poems, we apprehend little danger to our Readers' morals, from laying before them Mr. HIGGINS's doctrine in its moſt faſcinating ſhape. The Poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the moſt ſtriking kind—various and vivid imagery, bold and unſparing imperſonifications; ſimilitudes and illuſtrations brought from the moſt ordinary and the moſt extraordinary occurrences of nature,—from hiſtory and fable,—appealing equally to the heart and to the underſtanding, and calculated to make the ſubject of which the Poem profeſſes to treat, rather amuſing than intelligible. We ſhall be agreeably ſurpriſed to hear that it has aſſiſted any young Student, at either Univerſity, in his Mathematical Studies.

We need hardly add, that the Plates illuſtrative of this poem (the engravings of which would have been too expenſive for our publication) are to be found in Euclid's Elements, and other books of a ſimilar tendency.

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THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Warning to the Profane not to approach—Nymphs and Deities of Mathematical Mythology. Cyclois of a penſive turn—Pendulums, on the contrary, playful—and why? Sentimental union of the Naiads and Hydroſtatics. Marriage of Euclid and Algebra. Pulley the emblem of Mechanics. Optics of a licentious Diſpoſition—diſtinguiſhed by her Teleſcope and Green Spectacles. Hyde Park Gate on a Sunday Morning—Cockneys—Coaches. Didactic Poetry—Nonſenſia. Love delights in Angles or Corners. Theory of Fluxions explained—Trochais, the Nymph of the Wheel—Smoke-Jack deſcribed—Perſonification of elementary or culinary Fire. Little Jack Horner—Story of Cinderella. Rectangle, a Magician, educated by Plato and Menecmus—in love with Three Curves, at the ſame time—ſerved by Gins, or Genii—transforms himſelf into a Cone—The Three Curves requite his Paſſion—deſcription of them—Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipſis—Aſymptotes—Conjugated Axes. Illuſtrations—Rowbell, Barras, and Lepaux, the Three virtuous Directors—Macbeth and the Three Witches—The Three Fates—The Three Graces—King Lear and his Three Daughters—Derby Diligence—Catherine Wheel. Cataſtrophe of Mr. Gingham, with his Wife and Three Daughters overturned

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in a One-Horſe Chaiſe—Diſlocation and Contuſion, two kindred Fiends—Mail Coaches—Exhortation to Drivers to be careful. Genius of the Poſt Office—Invention of Letters—Digamma—Double Letters—remarkable Direction of one. Hippona the Goddeſs of Hack-horſes—Parameter and Abſciſſa unite to overpower the Ordinate, who retreats down the Axis Major, and forms himſelf in a Square—Iſoſceles, a Giant—Dr. Rhomboides—Fifth Propoſition, or Aſſes' Bridge—Bridge of Lodi—Buonaparte—Raft and Windmills. Exhortation to the recovery of our Freedom. Concluſion.

STAY your rude ſteps, or e'er your feet invade
The Muſes' haunts, ye Sons of War and Trade!
Nor you, ye Legion Fiends of Church and Law,
Pollute theſe pages with unhallow'd paw![1]
Debaſed, corrupted, grovelling, and confined,
No DEFINITIONS[2] touch *your* ſenſeleſs mind;
To *you* no POSTULATES[3] prefer their claim,
No ardent AXIOMS[4] *your* dull ſouls inflame;

---

[1] Imitated from the introductory couplet to the ECONOMY OF VEGETATION.

"Stay your rude ſteps, whoſe throbbing breaſts infold
"The Legion Fiends of Glory and of Gold."

This ſentiment is here expanded into four lines.

[2] *Definition*—A diſtinct notion explaining the Geneſis of a thing—*Wolfius.*

[3] *Poſtulate*—A ſelf-evident propoſition.

[4] *Axiom*—An indemonſtrable truth.

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For *you* no TANGENTS[1] touch, no ANGLES meet,
No CIRCLES[2] join in oſculation[3] ſweet!

For *me*, ye CISSOIDS,[4] round my temples bend
Your wandering Curves; ye CONCHOIDS[5] extend;
Let playful PENDULES quick vibration feel,
While ſilent CYCLOIS reſts upon her wheel;
Let HYDROSTATICS,[6] ſimpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantaſtic toe;

---

[1] *Tangents*—So called from touching, becauſe they touch Circles, and never cut them.

[2] *Circles*—See Chambers's Dictionary, Article Circle.

[3] *Oſculation*—For the *Oſculation*, or kiſſing of Circles and other Curves, ſee Huygens, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory ſubject in the decent obſcurity of a learned language.

[4] *Ciſſois*—A Curve ſuppoſed to reſemble the ſprig of ivy, from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to poetry.

[5] *Conchois*, or *Conchylis*—a moſt beautiful and picturesque Curve; it bears a fanciful reſemblance to a *Conch* ſhell. The Conchois is capable of infinite extenſion, and preſents a ſtriking analogy between the Animal and Mathematical Creation. Every individual of this ſpecies, containing within itſelf a ſeries of *young* Conchoids for ſeveral generations, in the ſame manner as the Aphides, and other inſect tribes, are obſerved to do.

[6] *Hydroſtatics*—Water has been ſuppoſed, by ſeveral of our philoſophers, to be capable of the paſſion of Love.—Some later experiments appear to favour this idea.—Water, when preſſed by a moderate degree of heat, has been obſerved to *ſimper*, or *ſimmer* (as it is more uſually called.)—The ſame does not hold true of any other element.

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Let ſhrill Acoustics[1] tune the tiny lyre;
With Euclid ſage fair Algebra[2] conſpire;
The obedient pulley[3] ſtrong Mechanics ply,
And wanton Optics roll the melting eye!

I ſee the fair fantaſtic forms appear,
The flaunting drapery and the languid leer;
Fair Sylphiſh forms[4]—who, tall, erect, and ſlim,
Dart the keen glance, and ſtretch the length of limb;
To viewleſs harpings weave the meanleſs dance,
Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.

Such rich confuſion[5] charms the raviſh'd ſight,
When vernal Sabbaths to the Park invite.
Mounts the thick duſt, the coaches crowd along,

---

[1] *Acouſtics*—The doctrine or theory of ſound.

[2] *Euclid and Algebra*—The loves and nuptials of theſe two intereſting perſonages, forming a conſiderable Epiſode in the Third Canto, are purpoſely omitted here.

[3] *Pulley*—So called from our Saxon word to PULL, ſignifying to pull or draw.

[4] *Fair Sylphiſh forms*—Vide modern prints of nymphs and ſhepherds dancing to nothing at all.

[5] *Such rich confuſion*—Imitated from the following genteel and ſprightly lines in the Firſt Canto of the Loves of the Plants:

So bright its folding canopy withdrawn,
Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,
Of beaux and belles diſplays the glittering throng,
And ſoft airs fan them as they glide along.

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Preſſes round Groſvenor Gate the impatient throng;
White-muſlin'd miſſes and mammas are ſeen,
Link'd with gay Cockneys glittering o'er the green:
The riſing breeze unnumber'd charms diſplays,
And the tight ankle ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd gaze.

But chief, thou Nurſe of the Didactic Muſe,
Divine NONSENSIA, all thy ſenſe infuſe;
The charms of *Secants* and of *Tangents* tell,
How Loves and Graces in an *Angle*[1] dwell;
How ſlow progreſſive *Points*[2] protract the *Line*,

---

[1] *Angle*—Gratus puellæ riſus ab Angulo.—*Hor.*

[2] *How ſlow progreſſive Points*—The Author has reſerved the picturesque imagery which the *Theory of Fluxions* naturally ſuggeſted for his ALGEBRAIC GARDEN; where the *Fluents* are deſcribed as rolling with an even current between a margin of *Curves* of the higher order, over a pebbly channel, inlaid with *Differential Calculi*.

In the following ſix lines, he has confined himſelf to a ſtrict explanation of the Theory, according to which Lines are ſuppoſed to be generated by the motion of Points;—Planes by the lateral motion of Lines;—and Solids from Planes, by a ſimilar proceſs.

Quære—Whether a practical application of this Theory would not enable us to account for the Geneſis, or original formation of Space itſelf, in the ſame manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organized creation to his Six Filaments—Vide ZOONOMIA. We may conceive the whole of our preſent Univerſe to have been originally concentred in a ſingle Point—We may conceive this Primeval Point, or *Punctum Saliens* of the Univerſe, evolving

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As pendant ſpiders ſpin the filmy twine;
How lengthen'd *Lines*, impetuous ſweeping round,
Spread the wide *Plane*, and mark its circling bound;

---

itſelf by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right Line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired—After which, the right Line, which it had generated would begin to put itſelf in motion in a lateral direction, deſcribing an Area of infinite extent. This Area, as ſoon as it became conſcious of its own exiſtence, would begin to aſcend or deſcend, according as its ſpecific gravity might determine it, forming an immenſe ſolid ſpace filled with Vacuum, and capable of containing the preſent exiſting Univerſe.

Space being thus obtained, and preſenting a ſuitable Nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immenſe depoſit of it would gradually be accumulated:—After which, the Filament of *Fire* being produced in the Chaotic Maſs, by an *Idioſyncracy*, or ſelf-formed habit, analogous to fermentation, *Exploſion* would take place; *Suns* would be ſhot from the Central Chaos;—*Planets* from *Suns*; and *Satellites* from *Planets*. In this ſtate of things, the Filament of *Organization* would begin to exert itſelf, in thoſe independent maſſes which, in proportion to their bulk, expoſed the greateſt ſurface to the action of *Light* and *Heat*. This Filament, after an infinite ſeries of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offſpring would diverſify their forms and habits, ſo as to accommodate themſelves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them.—Upon this view of things, it ſeems highly probable that the firſt effort of Nature terminated in the production of Vegetables, and that theſe being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themſelves from the ſurface of the earth, and ſupplied themſelves with wings or feet, according as their different propenſities determined them in favour of aerial and terreſtrial exiſtence. Others by an

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How *Planes*, their ſubſtance with their motion grown,
Form the huge *Cube*, the *Cylinder*, the *Cone*.

Lo! where the chimney's ſooty tube aſcends,
The fair TROCHAIS[1] from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, inceſſant mark
The eddying ſmoke, quick flame, and volant ſpark;
Mark with quick ken, where flaſhing in between
Her much loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers through the ſcene;
Mark, how his various parts together tend,—
Point to one purpoſe,—in one object end:
The ſpiral *grooves* in ſmooth meanders flow,
Drags the long *chain*, the poliſh'd axles glow,
While ſlowly circumvolves the piece of beef below:

---

inherent diſpoſition to ſociety and civilization, and by a ſtronger effort of *volition*, would become Men. Theſe, in time, would reſtrict themſelves to the uſe of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off, by ſitting in their caves or huts, as ſoon as they arrived at a domeſticated ſtate: they would invent *language*, and the uſe of *fire*, with our preſent and hitherto imperfect ſyſtem of *Society*. In the mean while, the *Fuci* and *Algæ*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themſelves into *fiſh*, and would gradually populate all the ſub-marine portion of the globe.

[1] *Trochais*—The Nymph of the Wheel, ſuppoſed to be in love with Smoke-Jack.

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The conſcious fire[1] with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roaſts it as it turns.

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguiſh eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out his Chriſtmas pye,
And cried, in ſelf-applauſe—" How good a boy
" am I."

So ſhe, ſad victim of domeſtic ſpite,
Fair Cinderella, paſt the wintry night,
In the lone chimney's darkſome nook immured,
Her form disfigured, and her charms obſcured.
Sudden her God-mother appears in ſight,
Lifts the charm'd rod, and chants the myſtic rite.
The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new ear-rings deck her liſtening ears ;[2]

---

[1] *The Conſcious Fire*—The Sylphs and Genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations aſſigned them: thoſe of fire are ſuppoſed to divert themſelves with writing *Kunkel* in phoſphorus.—*See* ECONOMY OF VEGETATION.

" Or mark with ſhining letters Kunkel's name
" In the ſlow *phoſphor's* ſelf-conſuming flame."

[2] *Liſtening ears*—Liſtening, and therefore peculiarly ſuited to a pair of diamond ear-rings. See the deſcription of Nebuchadnezzar, in his transformed ſtate.

" Nor flattery's ſelf can pierce his *pendant ears*."

In poetical diction, a perſon is ſaid to " *breathe the* BLUE " *air*," and to " *drink the* HOARSE *wave!*"—not that the colour of the ſky, or the noiſe of the water, has any reference to drinking or breathing, but becauſe the Poet obtains the advantage of thus deſcribing his ſubject under a *double*

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While 'midſt her towering treſſes, aptly ſet,
Shines bright with quivering glance, the ſmart aigrette;
Brocaded ſilks the ſplendid dreſs complete,
And the Glaſs Slipper graſps her fairy feet.
Six cock-tail'd mice[1] tranſport her to the ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

---

relation, in the ſame manner in which material objects preſent themſelves to our different ſenſes at the ſame time.

[1] *Cock-tail'd mice*—coctilibus Muris. *Ovid.*—There is reaſon to believe, that the *murine*, or *mouſe* ſpecies, were anciently much more numerous than at the preſent day. It appears from the ſequel of the line, that Semiramis ſurrounded the city of Babylon with a number of theſe animals.

Dicitur altam
Coctilibus Muris cinxiſſe Semiramis urbem.

It is not eaſy at preſent to form any conjecture with reſpect to the end, whether of ornament or defence, which they could be ſuppoſed to anſwer. I ſhould be inclined to believe, that in this inſtance the mice were dead, and that ſo vaſt a collection of them muſt have been furniſhed by way of tribute, to free the country from theſe deſtructive animals. This ſuperabundance of the *murine* race, muſt have been owing to their immenſe fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* ſpecies. The traces of this diſproportion are to be found in the early hiſtory of every country.—The ancient laws of Wales eſtimate a Cat at the price of as much corn as would be ſufficient to cover her, if ſhe were ſuſpended by the tail with her fore-feet touching the ground.—See Howel-Dha.—In Germany, it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *mus* tribe, were employed as the Miniſters of Divine vengeance

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Alas! that partial Science ſhould approve
The ſly RECTANGLE's[1] too licentious love!
For *three* bright nymphs the wily wizard burns;—
Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by turns.
Strange force of magic ſkill! combined of yore
With Plato's ſcience and Menecmus'[2] lore.
In *Afric's* ſchools, amid thoſe ſultry ſands
High on its baſe where Pompey's pillar ſtands,
This learnt the Seer; and learnt, alas! too well,
Each ſcribbled taliſman, and ſmoky ſpell:
What mutter'd charms, what ſoul-ſubduing arts
Fell Zantanai[3] to his ſons imparts.

---

againſt a feudal Tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own Whittington, might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

[1] *Rectangle*—"A figure which has one Angle, or more, "of ninety degrees." Johnſon's Dictionary.—It here means a right-angled Triangle, which is therefore incapable of having more than one Angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our Author's *Proſopopœia*, be ſuppoſed to be in love with Three, or any greater number of nymphs.

[2] *Plato's and Menecmus' lore*—Proclus attributes the diſcovery of the Conic Sections to Plato, but obſcurely. Eratoſthenes ſeems to adjudge it to Menecmus "*Neque Menecmeos neceſſe erit in Cono ſecare ternarios*" (Vide *Montucla.*) From Greece they were carried to Alexandria, where (according to our Author's beautiful fiction) *Rectangle* either did or might learn magic.

[3] *Zatanai*—Suppoſed to be the ſame with Satan.—Vide the "New Arabian Nights," tranſlated by Cazotte, author of "*Le Diable amoreux.*"

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GINS[1]—black and huge! who in Dom-Daniel's
cave[2]
Writhe your ſcorch'd limbs on ſulphur's[3] azure
wave,
Or, ſhivering, yell amidſt eternal ſnows,
Where cloud-capp'd Caf[4] protrudes his granite
toes;
(Bound by his will, *Judæa's* fabled king,[5]
Lord of *Aladdin's* Lamp and myſtic Ring.)
Gins! ye remember!—for your toil convey'd

---

[1] *Gins*—the Eaſtern name for Genii.—Vide Tales of ditto.

[2] *Dom-Daniel*—a ſub-marine palace near Tunis, where Zatanai uſually held his court.—Vide "New Arabian "Nights."

[3] *Sulphur*—A ſubſtance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore ſaid to be yellow. When raiſed to a temperature at which it *attracts oxygen* (a proceſs uſually called *burning*), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expenſe, by igniting thoſe *faſciculi* of brimſtone *matches*, frequently ſold (ſo frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age, in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an *azure*, or blue light.

[4] *Caf*—the Indian *Caucaſus*.—Vide *Bailly's Lettres ſur l'Atlantide*, in which he proves that this was the native country of Gog and Magog (now reſident in Guildhall), as well as of the Peris, or fairies, of the Aſiatic Romances.

[5] *Judæa's fabled king*—Mr. HIGGINS does not mean to deny that Solomon was really king of Judæa. The epithet *fabled*, applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retroſpective generoſity of the Arabian fabuliſts has beſtowed upon this monarch.

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Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid;
Air, earth, and ſea ye ſearch'd, and where below
Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes[1] glow,—
Gins! ye beheld appall'd the enchanter's hand
Wave in dark air the *Hypothenuſal* wand;
Saw him the myſtic *Circle* trace, and wheel
With head erect, and far-extended heel;[2]

---

[1] *Young volcanoes*—The geneſis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Thoſe with which we are beſt acquainted are certainly not viviparous; it is therefore probable that there exiſts in the centre of the earth, a conſiderable reſervoir of their eggs, which, during the obſtetrical convulſions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanoes.

[2] *Far extended heel*—The perſonification of *Rectangle*, beſides anſwering a poetical purpoſe, was neceſſary to illuſtrate Mr. HIGGINS's philoſophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a Cone was generated by the revolution of a Triangle; but this, as our Author juſtly obſerves, would be impoſſible, without ſuppoſing in the Triangle that *expanſive niſus*, diſcovered by Blumenbach, and improved by Darwin, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole myſtery of organization. Our enchanter ſits on the ground, with his heels ſtretched out, his head erect, his wand (or *Hypothenuſe*) reſting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his noſe, (as is finely expreſſed in the engraving in the original work) and revolves upon his bottom with great velocity. His ſkin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expanſion, as well as that of aſſimilating to itſelf all the *azote* of the air which he decompoſes by expiration from his lungs—an immenſe quantity, and which in our preſent unimproved and uneconomical mode

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Saw him, with ſpeed that mock'd the dazzled eye,
Self-whirl'd, in quick gyrations eddying fly:
Till done the potent ſpell—behold him grown
Fair *Venus'* emblem—the *Phœnician* CONE.[1]

Triumphs the Seer, and now ſecure obſerves
The kindling paſſions of the *rival* CURVES.

And firſt, the fair PARABOLA[2] behold,
Her timid arms, with virgin bluſh, unfold!
Though, on one *focus* fix'd, her eyes betray
A heart that glows with love's reſiſtleſs ſway,
Though, climbing oft, ſhe ſtrive with bolder grace
Round his tall neck to claſp her fond embrace,
Still ere ſhe reach it from his poliſh'd ſide
Her trembling hands in devious *Tangents* glide.

Not thus HYPERBOLA:[3]—with ſubtleſt art
The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part;

---

of breathing, is quite thrown away. By this ſimple proceſs the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

[1] *Phœnician Cone*—It was under this ſhape that Venus was worſhipped in Phœnicia. Mr. HIGGINS thinks it was the *Venus Urania*, or Celeſtial Venus; in alluſion to which, the Phœnician grocers firſt introduced the practice of preſerving ſugar loaves in blue or ſky-coloured paper—he alſo believes that the *conical* form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus.

[2] *Parabola*—The curve deſcribed by projectiles of all ſorts, as bombs, ſhuttle-cocks, &c.

[3] *Hyperbola*—Not figuratively ſpeaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

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Quick as her *conjugated axes* move
Through every poſture of luxurious love,
Her ſportive limbs with eaſieſt grace expand;
Her charms unveil'd provoke the lover's hand:—
Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray
Where light *Aſymptotes*[1] o'er her boſom play,
Nor touch her glowing ſkin, nor intercept the day.

Yet why, ELLIPSIS,[2] at thy fate repine?
More laſting bliſs, ſecurer joys are thine.
Though to each fair his treacherous wiſh may ſtray,
Though each in turn, may ſeize a tranſient ſway,
'Tis thine with mild coercion to reſtrain,
Twine round his ſtruggling heart, and bind with endleſs chain.

Thus, happy France! in thy regenerate land,
Where TASTE with RAPINE ſaunters hand in hand;
Where nurſed in ſeats of innocence and bliſs,
REFORM greets TERROR with fraternal kiſs;
Where mild PHILOSOPHY firſt taught to ſcan
The *wrongs* of PROVIDENCE, and *rights* of MAN;

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[1] *Aſymptotes*—"Lines which though they may approach "ſtill nearer together, till they are nearer than the leaſt "aſſignable diſtance, yet being ſtill produced infinitely, will "never meet."—Johnſon's Dictionary.

[2] *Ellipſis*—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an Ellipſoid, or ſolid, reſembling the eggs of birds, particularly thoſe of the gallinaceous tribe. *Ellipſis* is the only curve that embraces the Cone.

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Where MEMORY broods o'er FREEDOM's earlier
ſcene,
The *Lantern* bright, and brighter *Guillotine*;—
Three gentle ſwains evolve their longing arms,
And woo the young REPUBLIC's virgin charms:
And though proud *Barras* with the fair ſucceed,
Though not in vain the Attorney *Rewbell* plead,
Oft doth the impartial nymph their love forego,
To claſp thy crooked ſhoulders, bleſt *Lepaux!*

So, with dark dirge athwart the blaſted heath,
Three Sifter Witches hail'd the appall'd Macbeth.

So, the *Three* Fates beneath grim Pluto's roof,
Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof;
'Till deadly Atropos with fatal ſheers
Slits the thin promiſe of the expected years,
While 'midſt the dungeon's gloom or battle's din,
Ambition's victims periſh as they ſpin.

Thus, the *Three* Graces on the Idalian green,
Bow with deft homage to Cythera's Queen;
Her poliſh'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck;
Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
And teach the unconſcious zephyrs where to blow.
Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
The bright folds flutter in phlogiſtic day.

So, with his Daughters *Three*, the unſceptred
Lear

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Heaved the loud ſigh, and pour'd the gliſtering tear;
His Daughters *Three*, ſave one alone, conſpire
(Rich in his gifts) to ſpurn their generous Sire;
Bid the rude ſtorm his hoary treſſes drench,
Stint the ſpare meal, the Hundred Knights retrench;
Mock his mad ſorrow, and with alter'd mien
Renounce the daughter, and aſſert the queen.
A father's griefs his feeble frame convulſe,
Rack his white head, and fire his feverous pulſe;
Till kind Cordelia ſoothes his ſoul to reſt,
And folds the Parent-Monarch to her breaſt.

Thus ſome fair Spinſter grieves in wild affright,
Vex'd with dull megrim, or vertigo light;
Pleaſed round the fair *Three* dawdling doctors ſtand,
Wave the white wig, and ſtretch the aſking hand,
State the grave doubt,—the nauſeous draught decree,
And all receive, though none deſerve, a fee.

So down thy hill, romantic Aſhbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.
One in each corner ſits, and lolls at eaſe,
With folded arms, propt back, and outſtretch'd knees;
While the preſs'd *Bodkin*, punch'd and ſqueezed to death,
Sweats in the midmoſt place, and ſcolds, and pants for breath.

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The frequent ſolicitations which we have received for a continuation of the "Loves of the Triangles," have induced us to lay before the Public (with Mr. Higgins's permiſſion) the concluding lines of the Canto. The cataſtrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham, and the Epiſode of Hippona, contained, in our apprehenſion, ſeveral reflexions of too free a nature. The Conſpiracy of Parameter and Abſciſſa againſt the Ordinate, is written in a ſtrain of poetry ſo very ſplendid and dazzling, as not to ſuit the more tranquil majeſty of diction which our Readers admire in Mr. Higgins. We have therefore begun our Extract with the Loves of the Giant Iſoſceles, and the Picture of the Aſſes' Bridge, and its ſeveral Illuſtrations.

'Twas thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
Iſoſceles![1] that rebel heart to tame!
In vain coy Matheſis[2] thy preſence flies:

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[1] *Iſoſceles*—An equi-crural Triangle—It is repreſented as a *Giant*, becauſe Mr. HIGGINS ſays he has obſerved that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more eſpecially when they are long legs.

[2] *Matheſis*—The doctrine of Mathematics—Pope calls her *mad Matheſis*.—Vide *Johnſon's Dictionary*.

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Still turn her fond hallucinating[1] eyes;
Thrill with *Galvanic* fires[2] each tortuous nerve,
Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reſerve.
—Yet ſtrives the fair, till in the Giant's breaſt
She ſees the mutual paſſion flame confeſſ'd:
Where'er he moves, ſhe ſees his tall limbs trace
Internal Angles[3] *equal at the Baſe;*
Again ſhe doubts him: but *produced at will,*
She ſees *the external Angles equal ſtill.*

---

[1] *Hallucinating*—The diſorder with which Matheſis is affected, is a diſeaſe of *increaſed volition*, called *erotomania*, or *ſentimental love*. It is the fourth ſpecies of the ſecond genus of the firſt order and third claſs; in conſequence of which Mr. Hackman ſhot Miſs Ray in the lobby of the playhouſe.—Vide *Zoonomia*, Vol. II. pp. 363, 365.

[2] *Galvanic Fires*—Dr. Galvani is a celebrated philoſopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cauſe of nervous ſenſibility; and Mr. HIGGINS is of opinion, that by means of this diſcovery, the ſphere of our diſagreeable ſenſations may be, in future, conſiderably enlarged. "Since dead frogs (ſays he) are awakened "by this fluid, to ſuch a degree of poſthumous ſenſibility, "as to jump out of the glaſs in which they are placed, "why not men who are ſometimes ſo much more ſenſible "when alive? And if ſo, why not employ this new "ſtimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they ſo "pertinaciouſly continue to do) of various old-faſhioned "diſeaſes, notwithſtanding all the brilliant diſcoveries of "modern philoſophy, and the example of Count Caglio-"ſtro?"

[3] *Internal Angles*, &c.—This is an exact verſification of Euclid's 5th theorem.—Vide *Euclid in loco.*

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Say, bleſt Iſoſceles! what favouring power,
Or love, or chance, at night's auſpicious hour,
While to the *Aſſes'-Bridge*[1] entranced you ſtray'd,
Led to the *Aſſes'-Bridge* the enamour'd maid?
—The *Aſſes'-Bridge*, for ages doom'd to hear
The deafening ſurge aſſault his wooden ear,
With joy repeats ſweet ſounds of mutual bliſs,
The ſoft ſuſurrant ſigh, and gently-murmuring kiſs.

So thy dark arches, *London Bridge*, beſtride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide,
There oft—returning from thoſe green retreats,
Where fair *Vauxhallia* decks her ſylvan ſeats;—
Where each ſpruce nymph from city compters free,
Sips the froth'd ſyllabub, or fragrant tea;
While with ſliced ham, ſcraped beef, and burnt champagne,
Her 'prentice lover ſoothes his amorous pain;
—There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;

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[1] *Aſſes' Bridge*—Pons Aſinorum—The name uſually given to the before-mentioned theorem—though, as Mr. HIGGINS thinks, abſurdly. He ſays, that having frequently watched companies of aſſes during their paſſage of a bridge, he never diſcovered in them any ſymptoms of geometrical inſtinct upon the occaſion.—But he thinks that with Spaniſh aſſes, which are much larger (vide *Townſend's Travels through Spain*), the caſe may poſſibly be different.

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Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
Flaps the looſe ſail—the ſilken awnings ſhine;
" Shoot we the bridge!"—the venturous boat-
men cry—
" Shoot we the bridge!"—the exulting fare[1] reply.
—Down the ſteep fall the headlong waters go,
Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.
—The veering helm the dextrous ſteerſman ſtops,
Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;
Then with cloſed eyes, clench'd hands, and
quick-drawn breath,
Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.
—Full 'gainſt the pier the unſteady timbers knock,
The looſe planks ſtarting own the impetuous ſhock;
The ſhifted oar, dropt ſail, and ſteadied helm,
With angry ſurge the cloſing waters whelm—
—Laughs the glad Thames, and claſps each fair
one's charms
That ſcreams and ſcrambles in his oozy arms.
—Drench'd each ſmart garb, and clogg'd each
ſtruggling limb,
Far o'er the ſtream the Cockneys ſink or ſwim;
While each badged boatman[2] clinging to his oar,
Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the
applauding ſhore.

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[1] *Fare*—A perſon, or a number of perſons conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

[2] *Badged boatmen*—Boatmen ſometimes wear a *badge*, to diſtinguiſh them: eſpecially thoſe who belong to the Watermen's Company.

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So, towering Alp! from thy majeſtic ridge[1]
Young Freedom gazed on Lodi's blood-ſtain'd
Bridge;
—Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies ruſh,
Ranks cloſe on ranks, and ſquadrons ſquadrons
cruſh;
—Burſt in bright radiance through the battle's
ſtorm,
Waved her broad hands, diſplay'd her awful form;
Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
And twined the wreath round Buonaparte's brow.
—Quick with new lights, freſh hopes, and alter'd
zeal,
The ſlaves of Deſpots dropt the blunted ſteel:
Exulting Victory own'd her favourite child,
And freed Liguria clapt her hands and ſmiled.

Nor long the time ere Britain's ſhores ſhall greet
The warrior-ſage, with gratulation ſweet:
Eager to graſp the wreath of Naval Fame,
The GREAT REPUBLIC plans the *Floating Frame!*
—O'er the huge plane gigantic *Terror* ſtalks,
And counts with joy the cloſe-compacted balks:

[1] *Alp or Alps*—A ridge of mountains which ſeparate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, conſiſting of granite, toad-ſtone, and baſalt, and ſeveral other ſubſtances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberleſs undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the conſequent falſehood of the Moſaic Chronology.

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Of young-eyed *Maſſacres* the Cherub crew,
Round their grim chief the mimic taſk purſue;
Turn the ſtiff ſcrew,[1] apply the ſtrengthening clamp,
Drive the long bolt, or fix the ſtubborn cramp,
Laſh the reluctant beam, the cable ſplice,
Join the firm dove tail with adjuſtment nice,
Through yawning fiſſures urge the willing wedge,
Or give the ſmoothing adze a ſharper edge.
—Or group'd in fairy bands with playful care,
The unconſcious bullet to the furnace bear;
Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
Prime the big mortar, bid the ſhell aſpire;
Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
And watch the bright deſtruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
The windmill[2] waves his woven wings in air;

---

[1] *Turn the ſtiff ſcrew*, &c.—The harmony and imagery of theſe lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquiſite paſſage in the Economy of Vegetation:

"Gnomes, as you now diſſect, with hammers fine,
"The granite rock, the nodul'd flint calcine;
"Grind with ſtrong arm, the circling Chertz betwixt,
"Your pure ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ſes mixt."

Canto 2, *l.* 297.

[2] *The windmill*, &c.—This line affords a ſtriking inſtance of the ſound conveying an echo to the ſenſe.—I would defy the moſt unfeeling reader to repeat it over, without accompanying it by ſome correſponding geſture imitative of the action deſcribed.—*Editor*.

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Swells the proud ſail, the exulting ſtreamers fly,
Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply:
—Ye ſoft airs breath, ye gentle billows waft,
And fraught with Freedom, bear the expected Raft!
—Perch'd on her back, behold the Patriot train,
Muir, Aſhley, Barlow, Tone, O'Connor, Paine;
While Tandy's hand directs the blood-empurpled
rein.

Ye Imps of Murder, guard her angel form,
Check the rude ſurge, and chaſe the hovering
ſtorm;
Shield from contuſive rocks her timber limbs,
And guide the ſweet Enthuſiaſt[1] as ſhe ſwims!

—And now, with web-foot oars, ſhe gains the
land,
And foreign footſteps preſs the yielding ſand:
—The Communes ſpread, the gay Departments
ſmile,
Fair Freedom's Plant o'erſhades the laughing iſle:
—Fired with new hopes, the exulting peaſant ſees
The Gallic ſtreamer woo the Britiſh breeze;
While, pleaſed to watch its undulating charms,
The ſmiling infant[2] ſpreads his little arms.

Sweet Enthuſiaſt, &c.—"A term uſually applied in "allegoric or technical poetry, to any perſon or object to "which no other qualifications can be aſſigned."—*Chambers's Dictionary*.

[2] *The ſmiling Infant*—Infancy is particularly intereſted

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Ye Sylphs of DEATH, on demon pinions flit
Where the tall Guillotine is raiſed for Pitt:
To the poiſed plank tie faſt the monſter's back,[1]
Cloſe the nice ſlider, ope the expectant ſack;
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din;
The liberated head rolls off below,[2]
And ſimpering Freedom hails the happy blow!

---

in the diffuſion of the new principles.—See the "Bloody "Buoy"—ſee alſo the following deſcription and prediction:

"Here Time's huge fingers graſp his giant mace,
"And daſh proud Superſtition from her baſe;
"Rend her ſtrong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
&c. &c. &c. &c.
"While each light moment, as it paſſes by,
"With feathery foot and pleaſure-twinkling eye,
"Feeds from its baby-hand with many a kiſs
"The callow neſtlings of domeſtic bliſs."

Botanic Garden.

[1] *The monſter's back*—Le Monſtre Pitt, l'Ennemi du Genre humain.—See Debates of the Legiſlators of the Great Nation *paſſim*.

[2] Atque illud prono præceps agitur decurſus.—*Catullus*.

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THE ROVERS.

OUR ingenious Correſpondent, Mr. HIGGINS, has not been idle. The deſerved popularity of the Extracts, which we have been enabled to give from his two Didactic Poems, the PROGRESS OF MAN, and the LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES, has obtained for us the communication of ſeveral other works, which he has in hand, all framed upon the ſame principle, and directed to the ſame end. The propagation of the New Syſtem of Philoſophy forms, as he has himſelf candidly avowed to us, the main object of all his writngs. A ſyſtem comprehending not Politics only, and Religion, but Morals and Manners, and generally whatever goes to the compoſition or holding together of Human Society; in all of which a total change and revolution is abſolutely neceſſary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the ſummit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called MAN, is by its innate energies capable of attaining.

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Of this Syſtem, while the ſublimer and more ſcientific branches are to be taught by the ſplendid and ſtriking medium of Didactic Poetry, or *ratiocination in rhyme*, illuſtrated with ſuch paintings and portraitures of Eſſences and their Attributes, as may lay hold of the imagination, while they perplex the judgment;—the more ordinary parts, ſuch as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of ſocial feelings, are naturally the ſubject of a leſs elevated ſtyle of writing;—of a ſtyle which ſpeaks to the eye as well as to the ear, —in ſhort, of Dramatic Poetry and Scenic Repreſentation.

" With this view," ſays Mr. HIGGINS (for we love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable writer), " with this view," ſays he in a letter dated from his ſtudy in St. Mary Axe, the window of which looks upon the pariſh pump —" with this view, I have turned my thoughts " more particularly to the German Stage; and " have compoſed, in imitation of the moſt popular " pieces of that country, which have already met " with ſo general reception and admiration in " this,—a Play: which, if it has a proper run, " will, I think, do much to unhinge the preſent " notions of men with regard to the obligations " of Civil Society; and to ſubſtitute in lieu of a " ſober contentment, and regular diſcharge of the " duties incident to each man's particular ſitua- " tion, a wild deſire of undefinable latitude and

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" extravagance,—an aſpiration after ſhapeleſs " ſomethings, that can neither be deſcribed nor " underſtood,—a contemptuous diſguſt at all that " *is*, and a perſuaſion that nothing is as it ought to " be;—to operate, in ſhort, a general diſcharge " of every man (in his own eſtimation) from " every tie which laws divine or human, which " local cuſtoms, immemorial habits, and multi- " plied examples impoſe upon him; and to ſet " them about doing what they like, where they " like, when they like, and how they like,— " without reference to any law but their own " will, or to any conſideration of how others may " be affected by their conduct.

" When this is done, my dear Sir," continues Mr. H. (for he writes very confidentially)— " You ſee that a great ſtep is gained towards the " diſſolution of the frame of every exiſting com- " munity. I ſay nothing of *Governments*, as *their* " fall is of courſe implicated in that of the Social " Syſtem:—and you have long known, that I " hold every Government (that acts by coercion " and reſtriction—by laws made by the few to " bind the many) as a *malum in ſe*,—an evil to be " eradicated,—a nuiſance to be abated,—by force, " if force be practicable, if not,—by the artillery " of reaſon—by pamphlets, ſpeeches, toaſts at " Club-dinners, and though laſt, not leaſt, by Di- " dactic Poems.

" But where would be the advantage of the

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" deſtruction of this or that Government, if the " form of Society itſelf were to be ſuffered to " continue ſuch, as that another muſt neceſſarily " ariſe out of it, and over it?—Society, my dear " Sir, in its preſent ſtate, is a *hydra*. Cut off one " head,—another preſently ſprouts out, and your " labour is to begin again. At beſt, you can only " hope to find it a *polypus*;—where, by cutting " off the *head*, you are ſometimes fortunate " enough to find a *tail* (which anſwers all the ſame " purpoſes) ſpring up in its place. This, we " know, has been the caſe in France;—the only " country in which the great experiment of re- " generation has been tried with any thing like a " fair chance of ſucceſs.

" Deſtroy the frame of ſociety,—decompoſe its " parts,—and ſet the elements fighting one againſt " another,—inſulated and individual,—every man " for himſelf (ſtripped of prejudice, of bigotry, " and of feeling for others) againſt the remainder " of his ſpecies;—and there is then ſome hope " of a totally new *order of things*,—of a *Radical* " *Reform* in the preſent corrupt Syſtem of the " World.

" The German Theatre appears to proceed on " this judicious plan. And I have endeavoured " to contribute my mite towards extending its " effect and its popularity. There is one obvious " advantage attending this mode of teaching;— " that it can proportion the infractions of law

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" religion, or morality, which it recommends, to " the capacity of a reader or ſpectator. If you tell " a ſtudent, or an apprentice, or a merchant's " clerk, of the virtue of a Brutus, or of the ſplen- " dour of a La Fayette, you may excite his *deſire* " to be equally conſpicuous; but how is he to ſet " about it? Where is he to find the tyrant to " murder? How is he to provide the monarch " to be impriſoned, and the national guards to be " reviewed on a white horſe?—But paint the " beauties of *forgery* to him in glowing colours; " —ſhew him that the preſumption of virtue is in " favour of rapine, and occaſional murder on the " highway;—and he preſently underſtands you. " The highway is at hand—the till or the counter " is within reach. Theſe *haberdaſhers' heroics* " come home to the buſineſs and the boſoms of " men. And you may readily make ten *foot-* " *pads*, where you would not have materials nor " opportunity for a ſingle *tyrannicide*.

" The ſubject of the piece, which I herewith " tranſmit to you, is taken from common or " middling life; and its merit is that of teaching " the moſt lofty truths in the moſt humble ſtyle, " and deducing them from the moſt ordinary oc- " currences. Its moral is obvious and eaſy; and " is one frequently inculcated by the German " Dramas which I have had the good fortune to " ſee; being no other than ' *the reciprocal duties* " *of one or more huſbands to one or more wives, and to*

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" *the children who may happen to ariſe out of this* " *complicated and endearing connection.*' The " plot, indeed, is formed by the combination of " the plots of *two* of the moſt popular of theſe " plays (in the ſame way as Terence was wont " to combine two ſtories of Menander's). The " characters are ſuch as the admirers of theſe plays " will recognize for their familiar acquaintances. " There are the uſual ingredients of impriſon- " ments, poſt-houſes and horns, and appeals to " angels and devils. I have omitted only the " *ſwearing*, to which Engliſh ears are not yet " ſufficiently accuſtomed.

" I tranſmit at the ſame time a *Prologue*, which " in ſome degree breaks the matter to the audi- " ence. About the ſong of Rogero, at the end " of the firſt Act, I am leſs anxious than about " any other part of the performance, as it is, in " fact, literally tranſlated from the compoſition of " a young German friend of mine, an *Illuminé*, " of whom I bought the original for three and " ſixpence. It will be a ſatisfaction to thoſe of " your Readers, who may not at firſt ſight hit " upon the tune to learn, that it is ſetting by a " hand of the firſt eminence.—I ſend alſo a rough " ſketch of the plot, and a few occaſional notes. " —The *Geography* is by the young Gentleman " of the *Morning Chronicle.*"

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIOR *of the* ABBEY *of* QUEDLINBURGH, *very corpulent and cruel.*

ROGERO, *a Prisoner in the Abbey, in love with* MATILDA POTTINGEN.

CASIMERE, *a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's Legion, married to* CECILIA, *but having several children by* MATILDA.

PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON, *English Noblemen, exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.*

RODERIC, *Count of* SAXE WEIMAR, *a bloody Tyrant, with red hair, and an amorous complexion.*

GASPAR, *the Minister of the Count; Author of* ROGERO's *Confinement.*

Young POTTINGEN, *Brother to* MATILDA.

MATILDA POTTINGEN, *in love with* ROGERO, *and Mother to* CASIMERE's *Children.*

CECILIA MÜCKENFELD, *Wife to* CASIMERE.

Landlady, Waiter, Grenadiers, Troubadours, &c. &c.

PANTALOWSKY *and* BRITCHINDA, *Children of* MATILDA, *by* CASIMERE.

JOACHIM, JABEL, *and* AMARANTHA, *Children of* MATILDA, *by* ROGERO.

Children of CASIMERE *and* CECILIA, *with their respective Nurses.*

Several Children; Fathers and Mothers unknown.

The Scene lies in the Town of WEIMAR, *and the Neighbourhood of the* ABBEY *of* QUEDLINBURGH.

Time, from the 12*th to the present Century.*

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THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

PROLOGUE—*in Character.*

TOO long the triumphs of our early times,
With civil diſcord and with regal crimes,
Have ſtain'd theſe boards; while Shakeſpeare's pen has ſhown
Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown.
Too long have Rome and Athens been *the rage;*
[*Applauſe.*
And claſſic Buſkins ſoil'd a Britiſh Stage.

To-night our Bard, who ſcorns pedantic rules,
His Plot has borrow'd from the German ſchools;
—The German ſchools—where no dull maxims bind
The bold expanſion of the electric mind.
Fix'd to no period, circled by no ſpace,
He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place:
Round the dark confines of the foreſt raves,

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With *gentle* Robbers[1] ſtocks his gloomy caves;
Tells how Prime Miniſters[2] are ſhocking things,
And *reigning Dukes* as bad as tyrant Kings;
How to *two* ſwains[3] *one* nymph her vows may give,
And how *two* damſels[3] with *one* lover live!
Delicious ſcenes!—ſuch ſcenes *our* Bard diſplays,
Which, crown'd with German, ſue for Britiſh, praiſe.

Slow are the ſteeds, that through Germania's roads
With hempen rein the ſlumbering poſt-boy goads,

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[1] See the "Robbers," a German tragedy, in which Robbery is put in ſo faſcinating a light, that the whole of a German Univerſity went upon the highway in conſequence of it.

[2] See "Cabal and Love," a German tragedy, very ſevere againſt Prime Miniſters, and reigning Dukes of Brunſwick.—This admirable performance very judiciouſly reprobates the hire of German troops for the *American* War in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly diſcreditable to that wiſe and patriotic Princeſs, not to ſay wholly unneceſſary, there being no American War at that particular time.

[3] See the "Stranger; or, Reformed Houſekeeper," in which the former of theſe morals is beautifully illuſtrated; —and "Stella," a genteel German comedy, which ends with placing a man *bodkin* between *two wives*, like *Thames* between his *two banks*, in the Critic. Nothing can be more edifying than theſe two Dramas. I am ſhocked to hear that there are ſome people who think them ridiculous.

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Slow is the ſlumbering poſt-boy, who proceeds
Through deep ſands floundering, on thoſe tardy ſteeds;
More ſlow, more tedious, from his huſky throat
Twangs through the twiſted horn the ſtruggling note.

Theſe truths confeſs'd—Oh! yet, ye travell'd few,
Germania's *Plays* with eyes unjaundiced view!
View and approve!—though in each paſſage fine
The faint tranſlation[1] mock the genuine line,
Though the nice ear the erring ſight belie,
For *U twice dotted* is pronounced like *I*;[1]
[*Applauſe.*
Yet oft the ſcene ſhall Nature's fire impart,
Warm *from* the breaſt, and glowing *to* the heart!

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[1] Theſe are the warnings very properly given to Readers, to beware how they judge of what they cannot underſtand. Thus, if the tranſlation runs "*lightning of my ſoul, fulgur-*"*ation of angels, ſulphur of hell*;" we ſhould recollect that this is not coarſe or ſtrange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his miſtreſs; but the Engliſh has nothing preciſely parallel to the original Mulychauſe Archangelichen, which means rather *emanation of the archangelican nature*—or to Smellmynkern Vankelfer, which, if literally rendered, would ſignify *made of ſtuff of the ſame odour whereof the Devil makes flambeaux*. See Schüttenbrüch on the German Idiom.

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Ye travell'd few, attend!—On *you* our Bard
Builds his fond hope! Do you his genius guard!
[*Applauſe.*
Nor let ſucceeding generations ſay
—A Britiſh Audience *damn'd* a German Play.
[*Loud and continued Applauſes.*

Flaſh of Lightning. The Ghoſt of PROLOGUE'S GRANDMOTHER *by the Father's ſide, appears to ſoft muſic in a white tiffany riding-hood.* PROLOGUE *kneels to receive her bleſſing, which ſhe gives in a ſolemn and affecting manner, the Audience clapping and crying all the while. Flaſh of Lightning.* PROLOGUE *and his* GRANDMOTHER *ſink through the trap-door.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene repreſents a Room at an Inn, at Weimar. On one ſide of the Stage the Bar-room, with Jellies, Lemons in Nets, Syllabubs, and part of a cold roaſt Fowl, &c. On the oppoſite ſide a Window looking into the Street, through which Perſons (Inhabitants of Weimar) are ſeen paſſing to and fro in apparent agitation. MATILDA *appears in a Great Coat and Riding Habit, ſeated at the corner of the Dinner Table, which is covered with a clean Huckaback Cloth—Plates,*

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and Napkins, with Buck's-Horn-handled Knives and Forks, are laid as if for four Perſons.

Matilda.

IS it impoſſible for me to have dinner ſooner?

Land. Madam, the Brunſwick poſt-wagon is not yet come in, and the Ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Mat. [*With a look expreſſive of diſappointment, but immediately recompoſing herſelf.*] Well, then, I muſt have patience. [*Exit landlady.*] Oh Caſimere!—How often have the thoughts of thee ſerved to amuſe theſe moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as ſoon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The beef of to-morrow will ſucceed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day ſucceeded to the veal of yeſterday.—But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to ſupply the chaſm by another. How eaſily are our deſires transferred from diſh to diſh!—Love only, dear, deluſive, delightful Love, reſtrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification! . . . . . .

Poſt-horn blows,—Re-enter Landlady.

Land. Madam, the poſt-wagon is come in with only a ſingle gentlewoman.

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Mat. Then ſhew her up—and let us have dinner inſtantly; [*Landlady going*] and remember [*after a moment's recollection, and with great eagerneſs*] remember the toaſted cheeſe. [*Exit Landlady.*

Cecilia enters, in a brown Cloth Riding-dreſs, as if juſt alighted from the Poſt-wagon.

Mat. Madam, you ſeem to have had an unpleaſant journey, if I may judge from the duſt on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was duſty, Madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me thoſe bliſsful moments when the rays of deſire firſt vibrated through my ſoul.

Mat. [*Aſide*] Thank heaven! I have at laſt found a heart which is in uniſon with my own [*to Cecilia*]—Yes, I underſtand you—the firſt pulſation of ſentiment—the ſilver tones upon the yet unſounded harp. . . . . .

Cec. The dawn of life—when this bloſſom [*putting her hand upon her heart*] firſt expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love!

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the firſt beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum!— . . . . .

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear Madam.

Mat. And yours too is glowing with illumination.

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Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial ſpirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

Mat. A ſudden thought ſtrikes me—Let us ſwear an eternal friendſhip.

Cec. Let us agree to live together!

Mat. Willingly. [*with rapidity and earneſtneſs.*

Cec. Let us embrace. [*they embrace.*

Mat. Yes; I too have loved!—you, too, like me, have been forſaken!

[*doubtingly, and as if with a deſire to be informed.*

Cec. Too true!

Both. Ah theſe men! theſe men!

Landlady enters, and places a Leg of Mutton on the Table, with ſour Krout and Pruin Sauce—then a ſmall Diſh of Black Puddings.—CECILIA *and* MATILDA *appear to take no notice of her.*

Mat. Oh Caſimere!

Cec. [*Aſide*] Caſimere! that name!—Oh my heart, how it is diſtracted with anxiety.

Mat. Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

Cec. Nothing—a ſlight megrim—with your leave, I will retire—

Mat. I will attend you.

[*Exeunt* MATILDA *and* CECILIA. *Manent Landlady and Waiter, with the Dinner on the Table.*

Land. Have you carried the dinner to the priſoner in the vaults of the abbey?

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Waiter. Yes.—Peaſe ſoup as uſual—with the ſcrag end of a neck of mutton—the emiſſary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large ſum of money if I would conſent to poiſon him.

Land. Which you refuſed?

[*with heſitation and anxiety.*

Waiter. Can you doubt it? [*with indignation.*

Land. [*recovering herſelf, and drawing up with an expreſſion of dignity*] The conſcience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a prince. . . .

Waiter. It ought to be ſtill more ſo, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Land. Thou ſay'ſt truly, Job.

Waiter. [*with enthuſiaſm*] He who can ſpurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a prince.

Poſt-horn blows. Enter CASIMERE (*in a travelling dreſs—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twiſted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand*).

Cas. Here, Waiter, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of ſlippers. [*Exit Waiter*] And hark'ye, my lad, a baſon of water [*rubbing his hands*] and a bit of ſoap—I have not waſhed ſince I began my journey.

Waiter. [*anſwering from behind the door*] Yes, ſir.

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Cas. Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

Land. Only two gentlewomen, ſir.—They are juſt ſtept into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Cas. Where do they come from?

[*All this while the Waiter re-enters with the baſon and water,* CASIMERE *pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and waſhes his face and hands.*

Land. There is one of them I think comes from Nuremburg.

Cas. [*Aſide*] From Nuremburg [*with eagerneſs*] her name?

Land. Matilda.

Cas. [*Aſide*] How does this idiot woman torment me!—What elſe!

Land. I can't recollect.

Cas. Oh agony! [*in a paroxyſm of agitation.*

Waiter. See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—Matilda Pottingen.

Cas. Ecſtaſy! ecſtaſy! [*embracing the Waiter.*

Land. You ſeem to be acquainted with the lady—ſhall I call her?

Cas. Inſtantly—inſtantly—tell her, her loved, her long-loſt—tell her—

Land. Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Cas. Do ſo—and in the mean while I will look after my portmanteau. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

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Scene changes to a ſubterraneous Vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh;—with Coffins, 'Scutcheons, Death's Heads and Croſs bones.—Toads and other loathſome Reptiles are ſeen traverſing the obſcurer parts of the ſtage.—ROGERO *appears, in chains, in a Suit of ruſty Armour, with his beard grown, and a Cap of a groteſque form upon his head.—Beſide him a Crock, or Pitcher, ſuppoſed to contain his daily allowance of ſuſtenance.—A long ſilence, during which the wind is heard to whiſtle through the Caverns.*—ROGERO *riſes, and comes ſlowly forward, with his arms folded.*

Rog. Eleven years! it is now eleven years ſince I was firſt immured in this living ſepulchre—the cruelty of a Miniſter—the perfidy of a Monk—yes, Matilda! for thy ſake—alive amidſt the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converſe of my fellowmen.—Soft!—what have we here? [*ſtumbles over a bundle of ſticks*] This cavern is ſo dark, that I can ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the objects under my feet. Oh!—the regiſter of my captivity—Let me ſee, how ſtands the account? [*Takes up the ſticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then ſtands ſilent for a few moments, as if abſorbed in calculation*] eleven years and fifteen days;—Hah! the twenty-eighth of Auguſt! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was

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on this day that I took my laſt leave of Matilda. It was a ſummer evening—her melting hand ſeemed to diſſolve in mine, as I preſt it to my boſom—Some demon whiſpered me that I ſhould never ſee her more.—I ſtood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eyelids.—My heart was cryſtallized with agony.—Anon—I looked along the road.—The Diligence ſeemed to diminiſh every inſtant.—I felt my heart beat againſt its priſon, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My ſoul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the duſt—it was the emanation of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty—like the ſplendour of the ſetting ſun—but it told me that the ſun of my joys was ſunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nurſing cradle of hell—the ſuburbs of perdition—in a neſt of demons, where deſpair in vain ſits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony wooes the embrace of death; where patience, beſide the bottomleſs pool of deſpondency, ſits angling for impoſſibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidſt toads and ſpiders, or in a royal palace, amidſt the more loathſome reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would ſhower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—

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while fiends would envy the eternity of ſuffering love. . . . . Soft, what air was that? it ſeemed a ſound of more than human warblings —Again [*liſtens attentively for ſome minutes*]— Only the wind—It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has ſo often ſolaced the hours of my captivity—Let me ſee whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his Guitar, tunes it, and begins the following Air with a full accompaniment of Violins from the Orcheſtra.*

[*Air, Lanterna Magica.*]

SONG

BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of thoſe companions true
Who ſtudied with me at the U—
—niverſity of Gottingen,—
—niverſity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love ſat knotting in!—

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Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
At leaſt I thought ſo at the U—
—niverſity of Gottingen—
—niverſity of Gottingen.
[*At the repetition of this Line*, ROGERO *clanks his Chains in cadence.*

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how ſwift you flew,
Her neat poſt-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languiſh'd at the U—
—niverſity of Gottingen—
—niverſity of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When firſt I enter'd at the U—
—niverſity of Gottingen—
—niverſity of Gottingen.

V.

There firſt for thee my paſſion grew,
Sweet! ſweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou waſt the daughter of my Tu—
—tor, Law Profeſſor at the U—
—niverſity of Gottingen—
—niverſity of Gottingen.

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VI.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and prieſts are plotting in:
Here doom'd to ſtarve on water-gru—
—el[1] never ſhall I ſee the U—
—niverſity of Gottingen—
—niverſity of Gottingen.—

[*During the laſt Stanza* ROGERO *daſhes his head repeatedly againſt the walls of his Priſon; and, finally, ſo hard as to produce a viſible contuſion. He then throws himſelf on the floor in an agony. The Curtain drops—the Muſic ſtill continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.*

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[1] A manifeſt error—ſince it appears from the Waiter's converſation that Rogero was not doomed to ſtarve on water-gruel, but on peaſe-ſoup; which is a much better thing. Poſſibly the length of Rogero's impriſonment had impaired his memory; or he might wiſh to make things appear worſe than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in ſuch a caſe as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.—*Printer's Devil.*

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WE have received, in the courſe of the laſt week, ſeveral long, and to ſay the truth, dull letters, from unknown hands, reflecting, in very ſevere terms, on Mr. HIGGINS, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to paſs upon the world, as a faithful ſample of the productions of the German Theatre, a performance no way reſembling any of thoſe pieces, which have of late excited, and which bid fair to engroſs the admiration of the Britiſh Public.

As we cannot but conſider ourſelves as the guardians of Mr. HIGGINS's literary reputation, in reſpect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through the medium of our paper (though, what we think of the danger of his principles, we have already ſufficiently explained for ourſelves, and have, we truſt, ſucceeded in putting our Readers upon their guard againſt them) —we hold ourſelves bound not only to juſtify the fidelity of the imitation—but (contrary to our original intention) to give a further ſpecimen of it in our preſent Number, in order to bring the queſtion more fairly to iſſue between our Author and his calumniators.

In the firſt place, we are to obſerve, that Mr. HIGGINS profeſſes to have taken his notion of German plays wholly from the Tranſlations

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which have appeared in our language.—If *they* are totally diſſimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error; but the fault is in the tranſlators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he propoſed to himſelf, we have it in our power to prove ſatisfactorily; and might have done ſo in our laſt Number, by ſubjoining to each particular paſſage of his play, the ſcene in ſome one or other of the German plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. Theſe parallel paſſages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character; and if they were ſuppreſſed by us (as in truth they were) on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omiſſion would bring upon Mr. H. as in fact, our principal reaſon for it, was the apprehenſion, that from the extreme cloſeneſs of the imitation in moſt inſtances, he would loſe in praiſe for invention, more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between Matilda and Cecilia, for example, in the Firſt Act of the "Rovers," and their ſudden intimacy, has been cenſured as unnatural. Be it ſo. It is taken *almoſt word for word*, from "Stella," a German (or profeſſedly a German) piece now much in vogue; from which alſo the cataſtrophe of Mr. HIGGINS's play is in part borrowed, ſo far as relates to the agree-

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ment to which the Ladies come, as the Reader will ſee by and by, to ſhare Caſimere between them.

The dinner ſcene is copied partly from the publiſhed tranſlation of the "Stranger," and partly from the firſt ſcene of "Stella." The ſong of Rogero, with which the firſt act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very firſt taſte; and if no German original is to be found for it, ſo much the worſe for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous letter-writer, to the names of Puddingfield and Beefington, as little likely to have been aſſigned to Engliſh characters by any author of taſte or diſcernment. In anſwer to this objection, we have, in the firſt place, to admit that a ſmall, and we hope not an unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us ſince the MS. has been in our hands.—Theſe names ſtood originally Puddincrantz and Beefinſtern, which ſounded to our ears as being liable, eſpecially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furniſhing them with Engliſh terminations. With regard to the more ſubſtantial ſyllables of the names, our Author proceeded in all probability on the authority of Goldoni, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of conſiderable reputation; and who, having heard that the Engliſh were diſtinguiſhed for their love of

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liberty and beef, has judiciouſly compounded the two words *Runnymede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an Engliſh nobleman, whom he ſtyles *Lord Runnybeef*.

To dwell no longer on particular paſſages—the beſt way perhaps of explaining the whole ſcope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to tranſcribe the ſhort ſketch of the plot, which that Gentleman tranſmitted to us, together with his Drama, and which it is perhaps the more neceſſary to give at length, as the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, ſome general knowledge of its main deſign may be acceptable to our Readers, in order to enable them to judge of the ſeveral Extracts which we lay before them.

PLOT.

Rogero, ſon of the late miniſter of the Count of Saxe Weimar, having, while he was at college, fallen deſperately in love with Matilda Pottingen, daughter of his tutor, Doctor Engelbertus Pottingen, Profeſſor of Civil Law; and Matilda evidently returning his paſſion, the Doctor, to prevent ill conſequences, ſends his daughter on a viſit to her Aunt in Wetteravia, where ſhe becomes acquainted with Caſimere, a Poliſh Officer, who happens to be quartered near her Aunt's; and has ſeveral children by him.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a Prince of a tyrannical and licentious diſpoſition, has for his Prime Miniſter and

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favourite, Gaſpar, a crafty villain, who had riſen to his poſt by firſt ruining, and then putting to death, Rogero's father.—Gaſpar, apprehenſive of the power and popularity which the young Rogero may enjoy at his return to Court, ſeizes the occaſion of his intrigue with Matilda (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor Pottingen) to procure from his Maſter an order for the recall of Rogero from college, and for committing him to the care of the Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, a Prieſt, rapacious, ſavage, and ſenſual, and devoted to Gaſpar's intereſts—ſending at the ſame time private orders to the Prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here Rogero languiſhes many years. His daily ſuſtenance is adminiſtered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the Landlady of the Golden Eagle at Weimar, with whom Gaſpar contracts, in the Prince's name, for his ſupport; intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poiſon with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.

In the mean time Caſimere, having been called away from the neighbourhood of Matilda's reſidence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries Cecilia, by whom he has a family; and whom he likewiſe deſerts after a few years cohabitation, on pretence of buſineſs which calls him to Kamtſchatka.

Doctor Pottingen, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's ſociety, ſends young Pottingen in ſearch of her, with ſtrict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her either her preſent lover Caſimere, or, ſhould that not be poſſible, Rogero himſelf, if he can find him; the Doctor having ſet his heart upon ſeeing his children comfortably ſettled before his death. Matilda, about the ſame period, quits her Aunt's in ſearch of Caſimere; and Cecilia having been advertiſed (by an anonymous letter) of the falſehood of his Kamtſchatka journey, ſets out in the poſt-wagon on a ſimilar purſuit.

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It is at this point of time the Play opens—with the accidental meeting of Cecilia and Matilda at the Inn at Weimar. Caſimere arrives there ſoon after, and falls in firſt with Matilda, and then with Cecilia. Succeſſive *éclairciſſements* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two Ladies are to live jointly with Caſimere.

Young Pottingen, wearied with a few weeks' ſearch, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, reſolves to ſtop at Weimar, and wait events there. It ſo happens that he takes up his lodging in the ſame houſe with Puddincrantz and Beefinſtern, two Engliſh Noblemen, whom the tyranny of King John has obliged to fly from their country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for ſome time, have fixed their reſidence at Weimar.

The news of the ſignature of Magna Charta arriving, determines Puddincrantz and Beefinſtern to return to England. Young Pottingen opens his caſe to them, and intreats them to ſtay to aſſiſt him in the object of his ſearch. —This they refuſe; but coming to the Inn where they are to ſet off for Hamburgh, they meet Caſimere, from whom they had both received many civilities in Poland.

Caſimere, by this time, tired of his "DOUBLE AR-"RANGEMENT," and having learnt from the Waiter that Rogero is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring Abbey *for love*, reſolves to attempt his reſcue, and to make over Matilda to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his ſcheme to Puddingfield and Beefington, who agree to aſſiſt him; as alſo does Young Pottingen. The Waiter of the Inn proving to be a *Knight Templar* in diſguiſe, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of Troubadours, who happen to be returning from the Cruſades, and a Company of Auſtrian and Pruſſian Grenadiers returning from the Seven Years' War, are engaged as troops.

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The attack on the Abbey is made with ſucceſs. The Count of Weimar and Gaſpar, who are feaſting with the Prior, are ſeized and beheaded in the Refectory. The Prior is thrown into the dungeon, from which Rogero is reſcued. Matilda and Cecilia ruſh in. The former recognizes Rogero, and agrees to live with him. The Children are produced on all ſides—and Young Pottingen is commiſſioned to write to his father, the Doctor, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to Weimar to partake of the general felicity.

ACT II.

Scene—a Room in an ordinary Lodging-houſe, at WEIMAR. PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *diſcovered, ſitting at a ſmall deal Table, and playing at All-Fours. Young* POTTINGEN, *at another Table in the corner of the Room, with a Pipe in his Mouth, and a Saxon Mug of a ſingular ſhape beſide him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and caſting his eyes towards the Firmament—at the laſt trial he holds the Mug for ſome moments in a directly inverted poſition; then replaces it on the Table, with an air of dejection, and gradually ſinks into a profound ſlumber. The Pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.*

Beefington.

BEG.

Pudd. [*deals three Cards to* BEEFINGTON] Are you ſatisfied?

Beef. Enough. What have you?

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Pudd. High—Low—and the Game.

Beef. Damnation! 'tis my deal. [*deals—turns up a knave*] One for his heels! [*triumphantly.*

Pudd. Is king higheſt?

Beef. No. [*ſternly*] The game is mine. The knave gives it me.

Pudd. Are knaves ſo proſperous?

Beef. Ay marry are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies*[1] to them.

Pudd. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Still the ſame proud ſpirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

Beef. England! my native land!—when ſhall I reviſit thee?

[*during this time* PUDDINGFIELD *deals and begins to arrange his hand.*

Beef. [*continues*] Phoo—Hang All-Fours; what are they to a mind ill at eaſe?—Can they cure the heart-ache?—Can they ſoothe baniſhment?—

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[1] This is an excellent joke in German; the point and ſpirit of which is but ill-*Rendered* in a tranſlation. A NODDY, the Reader will obſerve, has two ſignifications—the one a *knave at All-Fours*: the other a *fool* or *booby*. See the tranſlation by Mr. Render of Count Benyowſky, or the Conſpiracy of Kamtſchatka, a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the play opens with a Scene of a Game at Cheſs (from which the whole of this Scene is copied) and a joke of the ſame point, and merriment, about Pawns, *i. e.* Boors being *a match for* Kings.

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Can they lighten ignominy?—Can All-Fours do this?—O! my Puddingfield, thy limber and lightſome ſpirit bounds up againſt affliction—with the elaſticity of a well-bent bow; but mine—O! mine—

[*falls into an agony, and ſinks back in his Chair. Young* POTTINGEN, *awakened by the noiſe, riſes, and advances with a grave demeanour towards* BEEFINGTON *and* PUDDINGFIELD. *The former begins to recover.*

Y. Pot. What is the matter, Comrades?[1]—you ſeem agitated. Have you loſt or won?

Beef. Loſt.—I have loſt my country.

Y. Pot. And I my ſiſter.—I came hither in ſearch of her.

Beef. O, England!

Y. Pot. O, Matilda!

Beef. Exiled by the tyranny of an Uſurper, I ſeek the means of revenge, and of reſtoration to my country.

Y. Pot. Oppreſſed by the tyranny of an Abbot, perſecuted by the jealouſy of a Count, the betrothed huſband of my ſiſter languiſhes in a

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[1] This word in the original is ſtrictly *fellow-lodgers*—"*Co-occupants of the ſame room, in a houſe let out at a "ſmall rent by the week.*"—There is no ſingle word in Engliſh which expreſſes ſo complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of *chum*, formerly in uſe at our Univerſities.

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loathſome captivity—Her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof and from my ſtudies in chirurgery; to ſeek him and her, I know not where—to reſcue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counſel—my ſearch fruitleſs—my money gone—my baggage ſtolen! What am I to do?—In yonder Abbey—in theſe dark, dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart—

SCENE II.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Sir, here is a perſon who deſires to ſpeak with you.

Beef. [*Goes to the door, and returns with a Letter, which he opens—On peruſing it his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiouſly*] Hah, my friend, what joy!

[*turning to* PUDDINGFIELD.

Pudd. What? tell me—let your Puddingfield partake it.

Beef. See here— [*produces a printed Paper.*

Pudd. What?— [*with impatience.*

Beef. [*in a ſignificant tone*] A newſpaper!

Pudd. Hah, what ſayſt thou!—A newſpaper!

Beef. Yes, Puddingfield, and ſee here [*ſhews it partially*] from England.

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Pudd. [*with extreme earneſtneſs*] Its name!

Beef. The *Daily Advertiſer*—

Pudd. Oh ecſtaſy!

Beef. [*with a dignified ſeverity*] Puddingfield, calm yourſelf—repreſs thoſe tranſports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd. [*after a pauſe with ſuppreſſed emotion*] Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news?

Beef. Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons was ſigned laſt Friday was three weeks, the third of July Old Style.

Pudd. I can ſcarce believe my ears—but let me ſatisfy my eyes—ſhew me the paragraph.

Beef. Here it is, juſt above the advertiſements.

Pudd. [*reads*] "The great demand for Pack-
"wood's Razor Straps"—

Beef. 'Pſhaw! what, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—ſee here, at the head of the column.

Pudd. [*reads*]

"A hireling Print, devoted to the Court,
"Has dared to queſtion our veracity
"Reſpecting the events of yeſterday;
"But by to-day's accounts, our information
"Appears to have been perfectly correct.
"The Charter of our Liberties received

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" The Royal Signature at five o'clock,
" When Meſſengers were inſtantly diſpatch'd
" To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majeſties,
" After partaking of a cold collation,
" Return'd to Windſor."—I am ſatisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are ſome further particulars [*turns to another part of the Paper*] " Extract of a Letter from Egham—'My dear " friend, we are all here in high ſpirits—the " intereſting event which took place this morning " at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this " town' "—

Pudd. Hah! Runnymede—enough—no more —my doubts are vaniſhed—then are we free indeed!—

Beef. I have, beſides, a Letter in my pocket from our Friend, the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor.—Our outlawry is reverſed!—what ſays my Friend—ſhall we return by the next packet?

Pudd. Inſtantly, inſtantly!

Both. Liberty!—Adelaide!—revenge!

[*Exeunt—Young* POTTINGEN *following, and waving his Hat, but obviouſly without much conſciouſneſs of the meaning of what has paſſed.*

Scene changes to the outſide of the Abbey. A Summer's Evening—Moonlight.

Companies of Auſtrian and Pruſſian Grenadiers march acroſs the ſtage, confuſedly, as if returning

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from the Seven Years' War. Shouts and martial Muſic.

The Abbey gates are opened. The Monks are ſeen paſſing in proceſſion, with the Prior at their head. The Choir is heard chaunting Veſpers. After which a pauſe. Then a Bell is heard, as if ringing for ſupper. Soon after, a noiſe of ſinging and jollity.

Enter from the Abbey, puſhed out of the gates by the Porter, a TROUBADOUR, *with a bundle under his cloak, and a* LADY *under his arm.* TROUBADOUR *ſeems much in liquor, but careſſes the* FEMALE MINSTREL.

Fem. Min. Truſt me, Gieronymo, thou ſeemeſt melancholy. What haſt thou got under thy cloak?

Trou. 'Pſhaw, women will be inquiring. Melancholy! not I.—I will ſing thee a ſong, and the ſubject of it ſhall be thy queſtion—"what "have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret—I learnt it of an Almanac-maker at Gotha—if thou gueſſeſt it after the firſt ſtanza, thou ſhalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I ſing.

Fem. Min. 'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully. [*Plays on the Balalaika.*[1]

Troubadour ſings.

[1] The Balalaika is a Ruſſian inſtrument, reſembling the guitar.—See the Play of "Count Benyowſky," *Rendered* into Engliſh.

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I bear a ſecret comfort *here*,
[*putting his hand on the bundle, but without ſhewing it.*
A joy I'll ne'er impart;
It is not wine, it is not beer,
But it conſoles my heart.

Fem. Min. [*interrupting him*] I'll be hanged if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you ſtole out of the vaults in the Abbey cellar.

Trou. I mean!—Peace, wench, thou diſturbeſt the current of my feelings—

[*Fem. Min. attempts to lay hold of the bottle. Troubadour puſhes her aſide, and continues ſinging without interruption.*

This cherry-bounce, this loved noyau,
My drink for ever be;
But, ſweet my love, thy wiſh forego;
I'll give no drop to thee!

[*Both together.*]

Trou. *F. M.* {This / That} cherry-bounce {this / that} loved noyau,
Trou. *F. M.* {My / Thy} drink for ever be;

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Trou. } But, ſweet my love, { thy wiſh forego!
F. M. } { one drop beſtow.

Trou. { I } keep it all for { me!
F. M. { Nor } { thee!

[*Exeunt ſtruggling for the bottle, but without anger or animoſity, the Fem. Min. appearing by degrees to obtain a ſuperiority in the conteſt.*

END OF ACT II.

Act the Third—contains the eclairciſſements and final arrangement between Caſimere, Matilda, and Cecilia; which ſo nearly reſemble the concluding Act of "Stella," that we forbear to lay it before our Readers.

ACT IV.

Scene—the Inn door—Diligence drawn up. CASIMERE *appears ſuperintending the package of his Portmanteaux, and giving directions to the Porters.*

Enter BEEFINGTON *and* PUDDINGFIELD.

Puddingfield.

WELL, Coachey, have you got two inſide places?

Coach. Yes, your Honour.

Pudd. [*ſeems to be ſtruck with* CASI-

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MERE'S *appearance. He ſurveys him earneſtly, without paying any attention to the Coachman, then doubtingly pronounces*] Caſimere!

Cas. [*turning round rapidly, recognizes* PUDDINGFIELD, *and embraces him.*

Cas. My Puddingfield!

Pudd. My Caſimere!

Cas. What, Beefington too! [*diſcovering him*] then is my joy complete.

Beef. Our fellow-traveller, as it ſeems?

Cas. Yes, Beefington—but wherefore to Hamburgh?

Beef. Oh, Caſimere[1]—to fly—to fly—to return—England—our country—Magna Charta—it is liberated—a new era—Houſe of Commons—Crown and Anchor—Oppoſition—

Cas. What a contraſt! you are flying to Liberty and your home—I driven from my home by tyranny—am expoſed to domeſtic ſlavery in a foreign country.

Beef. How domeſtic ſlavery?

Cas. Too true—two wives [*ſlowly, and with*

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[1] See "Count Benyowſky: or, the Conſpiracy of Kamtſchatka," where Cruſtiew, an old gentleman of much ſagacity, talks the following nonſenſe.

Cruſtiew. [*with youthful energy and an air of ſecrecy and confidence*] "To fly, to fly, to the iſles of Marian—the "iſland of Tinian—a terreſtrial paradiſe. Free—free—"a mild climate—a new-created ſun—wholeſome fruits—"harmleſs inhabitants—and Liberty—tranquillity."

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a dejected air—then after a pauſe] you knew my Cecilia?

Pudd. Yes, five years ago.

Cas. Soon after that period I went upon a viſit to a Lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection—alighting at a peaſant's cabin, I ſaw her on a charitable viſit, ſpreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding-habit. The ſimplicity of her appearance—the fineneſs of the weather—all conſpired to intereſt me—my heart moved to hers—as if by a magnetic ſympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—ſhe became the mother of my Pantalowſky. But five years of enjoyment have not ſtifled the reproaches of my conſcience—her Rogero is languiſhing in captivity—if I could reſtore her to *him!*

Beef. Let us reſcue him.

Cas. Will without power,[1] is like children playing at ſoldiers.

Beef. Courage without power,[2] is like a conſumptive running footman.

Cas. Courage without power is a contradiction.[3]—Ten brave men might ſet all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

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[1] See "Count Benyowſky," as before.

[2] See "Count Benyowſky."

[3] See "Count Benyowſky" again. From which Play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of ſuch reprobate ſilly ſtuff. It muſt be the tranſlator's.

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Beef. Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cas. I will tell you—marked you the Waiter?

Beef. The Waiter?— [*doubtingly.*

Cas. [*in a confidential tone*] No Waiter, but a *Knight Templar.* Returning from the Cruſade, he found his Order diſſolved, and his perſon proſcribed. He diſſembled his rank, and embraced the profeſſion of a Waiter. I have made ſure of him already. There are, beſides, an Auſtrian and a Pruſſian Grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have ſworn to fight henceforth in the cauſe of Freedom. Theſe, with Young Pottingen, the Waiter, and ourſelves, make ſeven—the Troubadour, with his two attendant Minſtrels, will complete the ten.

Beef. Now then for the execution.

[*with enthuſiaſm.*

Pudd. Yes, my boys—for the execution.

[*clapping them on the back.*

Waiter. But hiſt! we are obſerved.

Trou. Let us by a ſong conceal our purpoſes.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.[1]

Cas. Hiſt! hiſt! nor let the airs that blow
From Night's cold lungs, our purpoſe know!

[1] We believe this ſong to be copied, with a ſmall varia-

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Pudd. Let Silence, mother of the dumb,
Beef. Preſs on each lip her palſied thumb!
Wait. Let Privacy, allied to Sin,
That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—
Gren. } And Conſcience ſtart when we ſhall view,
Trou. } The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con ſpirito.*

Then Friendſhip ſwear, ye faithful Bands,
Swear to ſave a ſhackled hero!
See where yon Abbey frowning ſtands!
Reſcue, reſcue, brave Rogero!
Cas. Thrall'd in a Monkiſh tyrant's fetters
Shall great Rogero hopeleſs lie?
Y. Pot. In my pocket I have letters,
Saying, "help me, or I die!"

Allegro Allegretto.

Cas. Beef. Pudd. Gren. Trou. Waiter, and Pot. with enthuſiaſm. } Let us fly, let us fly,
Let us help, ere he die!

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*

Scene—the Abbey Gate, with Ditches, Draw-bridges, and Spikes. Time—about an hour before

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tion in metre and meaning, from a ſong in "Count "Benyowſky; or, the Conſpiracy of Kamtſchatka,"—where the conſpirators join in a chorus *for fear of being overheard.*

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Sunriſe. The conſpirators appear as if in ambuſcade, whiſpering, and conſulting together, in expectation of the Signal for attack. The WAITER *is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dreſs of his Order, with the Croſs on his breaſt, and the ſcallop on his ſhoulder.* PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *armed with Blunderbuſſes and Pocket-piſtols; the* GRENADIERS *in their proper Uniforms. The* TROUBADOUR *with his attendant Minſtrels, bring up the rear—martial Muſic—the Conſpirators come forward, and preſent themſelves before the Gate of the Abbey. Alarum—firing of Piſtols—the Convent appear in Arms upon the Walls—the Drawbridge is let down—a Body of Choriſters and Lay-brothers attempt a Sally, but are beaten back and the Verger killed. The beſieged attempt to raiſe the Drawbridge—*PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *preſs forward with alacrity, throw themſelves upon the Drawbridge, and by the exertion of their weight, preſerve it in a ſtate of depreſſion—the other beſiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect.* PUDDINGFIELD *makes the ſignal for the battering ram. Enter* QUINTUS CURTIUS *and* MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS, *in their proper Military Habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—the reſt of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a battering ram, which plays for a few minutes to ſlow time, till the entrance is forced. After a*

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ſhort reſiſtance, the beſiegers ruſh in with ſhouts of Victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey. The inhabitants of the Convent are ſeen flying in all directions.

The COUNT *of* WEIMAR *and the* PRIOR, *who had been feaſting in the Refectory, are brought in manacled. The* COUNT *appears tranſported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The* PRIOR *remains inſenſible, as if ſtupified with grief.* BEEFINGTON *takes the keys of the Dungeon, which are hanging at the* PRIOR'S *girdle, and makes a ſign for them both to be led away into confinement—Exeunt* PRIOR *and* COUNT *properly guarded. The reſt of the Conſpirators diſperſe in ſearch of the Dungeon where* ROGERO *is confined.*

THE END.

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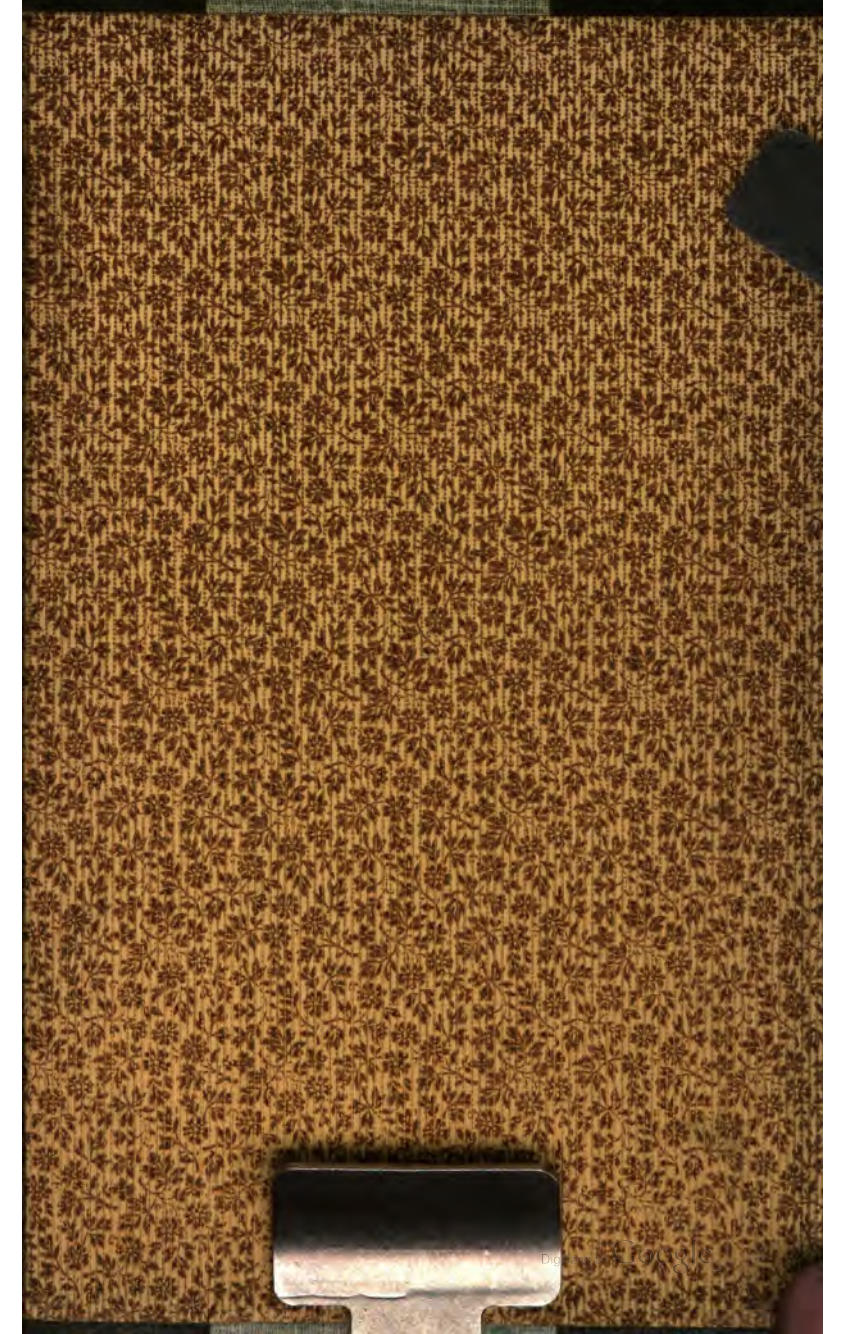

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